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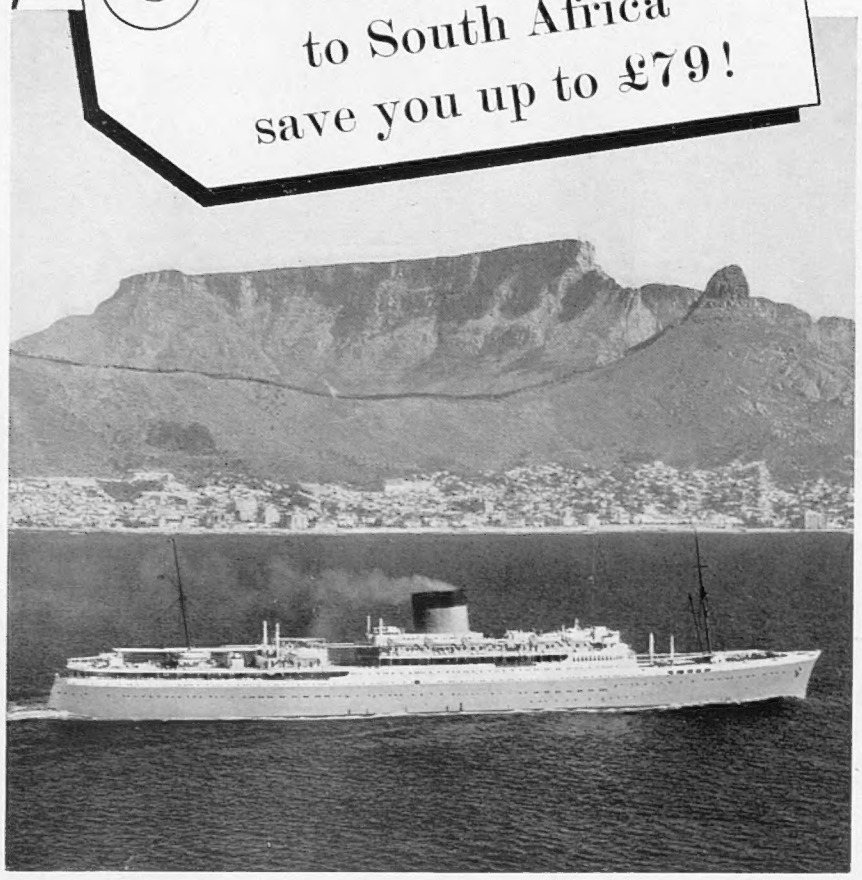

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The Esher Mystery.—The bogy-man on e Esher-Cobham stretch of the Portsmouth Road gged his seventy-first victim before the year ended. his time the driver of the car whose windscreen was attered observed "an orange flash" at the moment impact and at a point on the road where no human iscreant could find any cover. This suggests a flying saucer" type of explanation. Years ago the olice investigated these occurrences, one by one in tail and in review, and dismissed them not so much an act of God as the agency of innocent drivers ead of the victims, whose car-wheels threw up bbles or shingle which the following cars met on eir screens. But Victim 71 introduces new circumances—the empty road and the orange flash. In merica, it would undoubtedly be a Communist plot; Russia Imperialist aggression. But here in backard old England, the political bogy is not yet as opular and respected as the old poltergeist or the an from Mars. The police must begin all over again I shall never be able to take the road to London d remind my friends, employers and patrons of my ntinued existence in old-world Sussex.

A "Don't" for Young Journalists.—Sometimes a young man will consult me on the rospects of journalism as a career. A free-lance or rmchair journalist is not well qualified to advise. e knows nothing of the life of a provincial reporter, d nothing of the struggles which follow amid the ar of the presses in Fleet Street. But the armchair urnalist from his store of experience can usefully dvise a neophyte on what subjects to avoid if he ould keep out of trouble. To be always kind, to ep from criticism of any sort, make neither for live" nor for honest journalism. A man who prosses to set forth his views in print must sometimes iticise according to his lights and not fear criticism reply. But there is one subject which all experience ggests to me a man should avoid, and that is any rm of religious criticism. It is curious that it should so. It is certain that to hit a man where he feels in any matter that concerns his religion will draw rth a most un-Christian response; all the pent-up ivy, hatred and malice in his soul, which his religion supposed to curb, check and keep under. There is vitriol so searing and bitter as that discharged by a ristian whose tenets have been criticised or opposed. is said that the world is abandoning religion and to at sad failing many of the ills of the world to-day are harged up. If that be so, human relations should be a ttle sweeter by the elimination of the gall and vitriol scharged by ardent Christians who read some view religion in the Press which runs counter to their vn beliefs. But it seems that the ardent Christians ho survive in a world of agnosticism keep the supply nimpaired. You may call a man a rascal, a traitor, fool, and he may accept it in silence as a tribute his shrewdness or as good propaganda for himself; t criticise his religion, and he will leap out at you e a man-eating tiger.

The Modern Novel.—The experiences of orld War I, the mud and blood of Flanders, cerinly produced a revolt of youth and a cynicism l bitterness of spirit in the young which was reflected iterature and helped to begin the social revolutions our time. But it was shorter lived and less intense that which followed World War II. I should orry to think that this post-war "experimental" l has concreted into a new permanent form. years have passed and still those searing experis shape the form and matter of the novels so ftly acclaimed as masterpieces, so mightily trumted. Despair, disillusion, cynicism and sex are their eynotes, the desire to jolt and to shock is their motive rce. Can't these young forget? Can they never ain enjoy any experience—from first love to sport—ithout bitter searching of heart and a self-examination motives? How little one can guess what is in the ind of a young man who is polite to his elders, veals charming manners, appears to enjoy simple easures without scorn. It used to be said that no ovel which did not accept the ultimate triumph of od, the worldly no less than the spiritual value of rtue and morality, could hope to live; that disusion and cynicism could make a butterfly success it could not survive for posterity. There were vious exceptions in the Victorian era—*The Way of l Flesh*, for example. But for an old man to-day, ed up in the Victorian tradition, and in that Victrian tenet, it is obvious that he can never solve the ystery of the modern novel which the critics praise highly and acclaim as classics. He notes the wit, sees the characters swiftly etched and developed, sees many merits, but can never see the merits hich imply survival. A best-seller is not a classic. me, not Press notices, and current sales, is the judge. e Victorian theory may still prove right. Meanhile, an iron curtain is rung down between the old d the young.

THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

The Design of Britain's Latest Lifeboats

By UFFA FOX

THE PRINCESS ROYAL AT HER GRANDSON'S CHRISTENING

THE FAMILY GROUP AFTER THE CHRISTENING OF THE INFANT SON OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF HAREWOOD: Holding the child, who was given the names James Edward, is the Princess Royal. Standing behind the sofa are, from left to right, the Earl of Harewood; Mr. Erwin Stein, the father of the Countess, and Sir Alan Lascelles. On the right of the Princess Royal is the Countess's mother, Mrs. Stein, and seated on the other side of the Princess Royal is the Countess of Harewood and her elder son, Viscount Lascelles.

CHRISTMAS LECTURES FOR CHILDREN

THE 124TH COURSE OF LECTURES FOR CHILDREN AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION, LONDON: Mr. J. A. Ratcliffe, Reader in Physics at Cambridge University, is seen lecturing on "The Use of Radio Waves" to an audience of children at the Royal Institution. This was the first of the course of six lectures that are given at Christmas time at the Royal Institution. Mr. Ratcliffe began his talk with some elementary facts about radio wavelengths and wave motion, but soon he was talking about more advanced theories. The climax of the talk came when the children were invited to send messages to Barbados by means of a Cable and Wireless installation.

The Royal Tour in New Zealand

From AUCKLAND to WAITAN

After the Christmastide Round of Engagements, the Queen Visits the Maoris at Waitangi

A NARROW PATHWAY FOR THE QUEEN AT THE ELLERSLIE RACECOURSE AS SHE WALKS TOWARDS THE BIRDCAGE TO PRESENT THE TROPHY TO THE OWNER OF COALTOWN, WINNER OF THE ROYAL AUCKLAND CUP: The race for this Cup is the richest in New Zealand and is worth £12,500. This year the owner of the winner was Mr. H. M. Glazebrook, a sheep farmer of Hawke's Bay, who received the Cup from the hands of the Queen. The visit to Ellerslie was made on Boxing Day and a great concourse of people acclaimed the Queen as she drove round the course before taking her place in time for the second race.

THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH JOIN THE BOXING DA GOERS: The Royal visitors seen in the Royal box at racecourse, which is situated on the outskirts of A

A GREAT MOMENT FOR THE OWNER OF COALTOWN: The Queen presents the Royal Auckland Cup to Mr. H. M. Glazebrook at Ellerslie. The Queen is wearing a mushroom two-piece suit of corded silk and a matching hat with white wings.

ON THE SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS THE QUEEN PAID HER SECOND VISIT CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF ST. MARY: Accompanying Her Majesty as she to her car after attending morning service is the Bishop of Auckla Cathedral Church of St. Mary is located at Parnell, an inner suburb of A

THE QUEEN'S COLOUR FOR THE ROYAL NEW ZEALAND AIR FORCE: The Queen presents a specially-designed Queen's Colour during a ceremonial parade at Whenuapai. The Colour-bearer is Flying Officer M. F. McD. Palmer. The ten-mile journey from Auckland to Whenuapai was made by car and once again the route was lined by cheering crowds. After the parade the Queen flew to Kaikohe and then drove on to Waitangi. Altogether the day's journey totalled 300 miles.

THE QUEEN ARRIVES AT WAITANGI TO MEET THE MAORIS: Accompanying her is Mr. E. B. Corbett, Minister for Maori Affairs. The Sacred Treaty Ground at Waitangi, Bay of Islands, is the revered site of the 113-year-old treaty between Queen Victoria and the Maoris.

TRADITIONAL MAORI WELCOME FOR THE QUEEN: Henare Toka, of the Ngati-Whatua tribe, acting as the Royal Challenger, approaches the Royal party brandishing a spear in front of the Queen. This he later placed on the ground for the Queen to walk over.

WATCHING THE MAORI DANCES: The Royal party, including the Prime Minister, Mr. Holland, seated on the *marai*, spent some time watching and listening to the dances and songs provided by the Maoris in traditional costume.

THE DANCERS AND THEIR QUEEN: In her speech the Queen told the assembled Maoris that it had given her great pleasure to have visited the historic site at Waitangi, where, more than a century ago, the Maori people had elected to join the British Empire. Her Majesty went on to say that she was glad to see how the two races were living and working together as one people in New Zealand. Before leaving Waitangi the Queen was hailed as "Our Chief, our Lord, our Sovereign."

The Royal Tour in New Zealand

THE QUEEN ACCLAIMED IN AUCKLAN

Her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh are Greeted with Great Enthus as They Set Out on Their Tour of North Island

THE QUEEN WAVES TO THE CITIZENS OF AUCKLAND MASSED IN FRONT OF THE TOWN HALL SHORTLY AFTER HER ARRIVAL IN NEW ZEALAND : During this ceremony, which took place in rain, the Queen received the city's loyal address and then thanked the people for their wholehearted welcome. Not long after came the dreadful news of the disaster at Tangiwai, but the Queen continued with the programme arranged for her visit. Her Majesty was kept informed with the progress of rescue work at the scene of the disaster and later visited survivors who had returned to Auckland.

THE QUEEN CARRIES AN UMBRELLA AS SHE MOVES AMONG THE GUESTS AT HER FIRST GA PARTY IN NEW ZEALAND : At first it was thought that owing to the rain the p would have to be transferred to a covered building, but the arrangement stood and guests arrived with raincoats and umbrellas. For part of the time the Queen forced to use her umbrella. Many citizens of Auckland were presented to the Royal co

THE MAORIS ROAR THEIR WELCOME IN THEIR OWN WAY : They stood barefooted in the streets of Auckland despite the inclement weather. The Queen has now visited the Maoris in their own quarters.

THE GREETINGS OF THE CHILDREN AT A YOUTH RALLY HELD IN THE DOMAIN : The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh are seen in their Land-Rover as they drove between the ranks of cheering schoolchildren. There were about 15,000 young people present.

THE BEDRIDDEN PATIENTS OF AUCKLAND HOSPITAL WERE NOT FORGOTTEN : The Queen was war greeted as she passed through the grounds of the hospital during her visit on Christmas Eve. children at the hospital wore on their pyjamas the gilt medal on a blue ribbon which the Zealand Government has given to every child in the country to mark the occasion of the Queen's

FATHER CHRISTMAS CALLS ON THE QUEEN AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE: The Governor-General's two young children are seen receiving their gifts after the Queen had accepted presents for her own children. This ceremony took place after 200 children had sung carols outside the house; Father Christmas then arrived in a decorated "buggy."

A CHRISTMAS-DAY SERVICE IN THE SUN: The Queen, accompanied by the Bishop of Auckland, the Right Rev. W. J. Simkin, seen leaving the wooden Cathedral Church of St. Mary after morning service. The Duke of Edinburgh and the Governor-General, Sir Willoughby Norrie, read the Lessons and the whole congregation stood in silent prayer for the victims of the railway disaster.

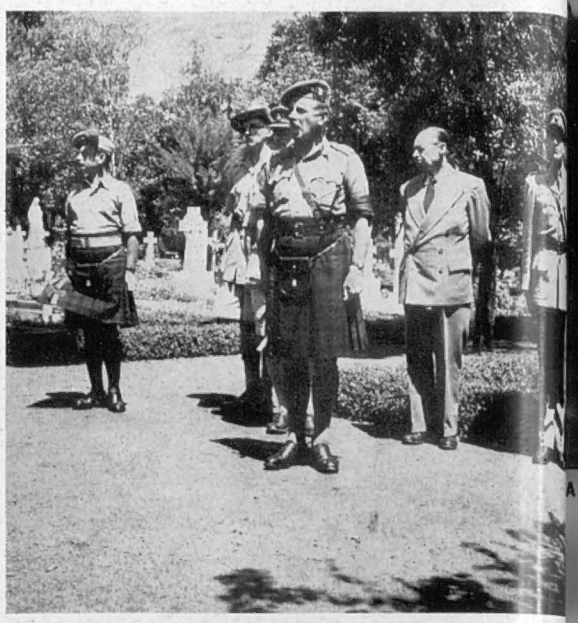
THE QUEEN SPEAKS TO THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH AND EMPIRE FROM GOVERNMENT HOUSE, AUCKLAND: Her Majesty made her speech from a sitting-room shortly after dinner on Christmas night and her message was later relayed from London at the close of the programme entitled "The Queen's Journey." At the end of her traditional speech the Queen spoke a few words to the people of New Zealand, sympathising with them in the rail disaster—a gesture which evoked much appreciation from her hosts. The Queen later spoke by radio-telephone to Prince Charles and Princess Anne, who were staying at Sandringham House.

Foreign News in Pictures

THE FUNERAL OF MAJOR EARL WAVE

And Other Events Throughout the W

A PIPER LEADS THE WAY AS THE COFFIN OF EARL WAVELL IS BORNE TO THE GRAVE: The bearer party of the Black Watch, followed by a detachment from the 1st Battalion, during the military funeral of Major Earl Wavell in Nairobi. Lord Wavell, son of the late Field Marshal, was a Company Commander with the 1st Battalion, The Black Watch, who are serving in Kenya. On Christmas Eve a report had been received that Mau Mau terrorists had beheaded a loyal Kikuyu. A patrol of soldiers and police under Lord Wavell found the gang in a wood, and when the patrol went in to attack, Lord Wavell was killed and a private soldier and a police inspector were wounded. Later the security forces set fire to the wood, and the terrorists replied with shots, one of which hit District Commandant Dene, who later died of his wounds. The following day reinforced patrols swept through the wood, inflicting casualties on those members of the heavily-armed gang who remained behind.



BRIGADIER TWEEDIE IN COMMAND AT THE FUNERAL: The Commanding 39th Infantry Brigade, Brigadier J. W. himself an Argyll and Sutherland Highlander, took c of the military funeral of Major Earl Wavell. Civ well as Service representatives attended the ce

THE GREAT CALIFORNIAN FOREST FIRES THAT THREATENED MOUNT WILSON OBSERVATORY: An aerial view of the world-famous observatory as it is ringed by smoke from a big forest fire at Mount Wilson. In the foreground are television stations, which were also endangered by the flames. Two forest fires broke out simultaneously in California, one at Mount Baldy and the other near the observatory. More than 12,000 acres were destroyed and 2,500 people had to be evacuated. At one time the flames were reported to be within 200 ft. of the observatory, but after several days' strenuous fire-fighting, in which 800 men took part, the fires were brought under control. They made use of 54 fire engines, 13 bulldozers and a helicopter.

ANOTHER LARGE BATCH OF GERMANS RELEASED BY THE RUS Released German prisoners of war and civilians passing th West German border at Herleshausen. They were part of a of 224 to be freed by the Russians; among them were fif women. This batch of released Germans foreshadowed the of a large contingent of Germans who had been depor Russia. There may be as many as 10,000 released prisoners, of whom are said to be coming from camps in Siberia. the most recent arrivals were men from one of the camps at Yorkuta, some 100 miles inside the Arctic where many of the prisoners suffered from frostbite

DR. MOSSADEK'S NIECE WINS A PRIZE: Miss Malik Diba, a niece deposed Persian Prime Minister, is seen talking with Hube Givenchy, a well-known Paris dressmaker. They are seen Paris restaurant at a reception given by the dressmakers. Diba, who is a student at an art school in Paris, was aw a second prize in a competition, for her drawing of

A MUSLIM RELIGIOUS COURT HEARS EX-QUEEN NARRIMAN'S PLEA FOR DIVORCE: A view of the Sharia, or Muslim, Court, which adjourned the former Egyptian Queen's appeal to bring an action for divorce from her husband, ex-King Farouk. Under Islamic law, only the husband has the right to a divorce, but the Sharia Court can decide that the wife has a case. Besides asking for permission to begin divorce proceedings, Princess Narriman's lawyer also sought alimony of £5,250 a month, dating from the day she left her husband. The court adjourned the case until later this month. The hearing lasted only twenty-five minutes, and the crowded court provided a colourful spectacle. The adjournment was granted to allow Prince Farouk's counsel, Sheikh Mustafa el Gamal, to ask the former King if he was prepared to grant a divorce amicably outside the court. Princess Narriman's lawyer, Mr. Muharram Fahim, stated that she would have to reveal "certain delicate details" of her life with her husband if he continued to oppose her petition for divorce.

PRINCE FAROUK'S COUNSEL: Ishan el Sherif, a Syrian lawyer who was not entitled to plead before the Muslim Court, together with Mustafa el Gamal, the exiled King's Egyptian advocate.

THE TWO LAWYERS GET TOGETHER: Mr. Muharram Fahim, Princess Narriman's counsel during the proceedings at Cairo, talks with Prince Farouk's Syrian lawyer, Ishan el Sherif.

SMILES ALL ROUND AS DR. MOSSADEK REQUESTS AN APPEAL AGAINST HIS SENTENCE: The former Persian Prime Minister signing the paper bearing the verdict of the military court in Teheran which sentenced him to three years' solitary confinement. At the bottom of the paper Dr. Mossadek added a request that an appeal against the sentence be heard. The prosecutor had demanded the death penalty, but the Shah of Persia wrote to the court stating that he had forgiven his former Premier.

SALVAGING A FIREFLY FROM THE AEGEAN SEA: A naval Firefly fighter being hauled from the water during salvage by the Greek naval auxiliary *Moraitinis*. The Firefly belonged to the aircraft carrier *Theseus*, and crashed into the sea at Falkonera Rocky Island, near Hydra Island, four months ago, during Anglo-Greek naval exercises. The fighter crashed when landing on the flight-deck, and went over the side. The two occupants of the plane were killed.

THE TRADITIONAL CHRISTMAS EVE IN BETHLEHEM: Tourists and pilgrims packed the historic manger square in front of the Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem on Christmas Eve as they watched the procession to the annual Pontifical Mass that is held in the church. In the centre, wearing a white cloak and with his hands folded, is the Latin Patriarch of Jerusalem, who presided over the Mass. In front of him is the Franciscan friar, Father Eugene Hoad, who each year directs these now-traditional Christmas services in Bethlehem. Among the colourful crowd can be seen Arab Legion police.

THE CHRISTMAS-EVE BOMB OUTRAGE IN THE CASABLANCA MARKET: The scene shortly after a bomb had exploded in the European butchers' section of the central market at Casablanca. The market was crowded with Christmas shoppers, and the explosion of the bomb caused the deaths of nineteen people, ten of them Europeans. At the same time as the explosion, two bombs were discovered in the General Post Office, but were rendered harmless.

ONE OF THE "PROPS" BROUGHT TO THE UNDERWATER SCENE: A member of the camera crew with a baby octopus, which was being used as one of the "props" for the shooting of an underwater scene for the new film. For ten days filming was done 185 ft. below the surface in the Gulf of Mexico. The camera crew and technical assistants used oxygen apparatus while working on the ocean bed.

AN ACTOR PREPARING TO GO DOWN: The ramshackle fishi maintained the supply of air while the film actor was sub to play his part in one of the film sequences. The p *Beneath the Twelve-Mile Reef*, deals with the sponge fis off the coast of Florida, and one of the most exciting water scenes is a fight between a fisherman and a giant

UNDERWATER FILM STUDIO

Scenes for a Film About Sponge Fishermen duced Thirty Fathoms Below the Gulf of M

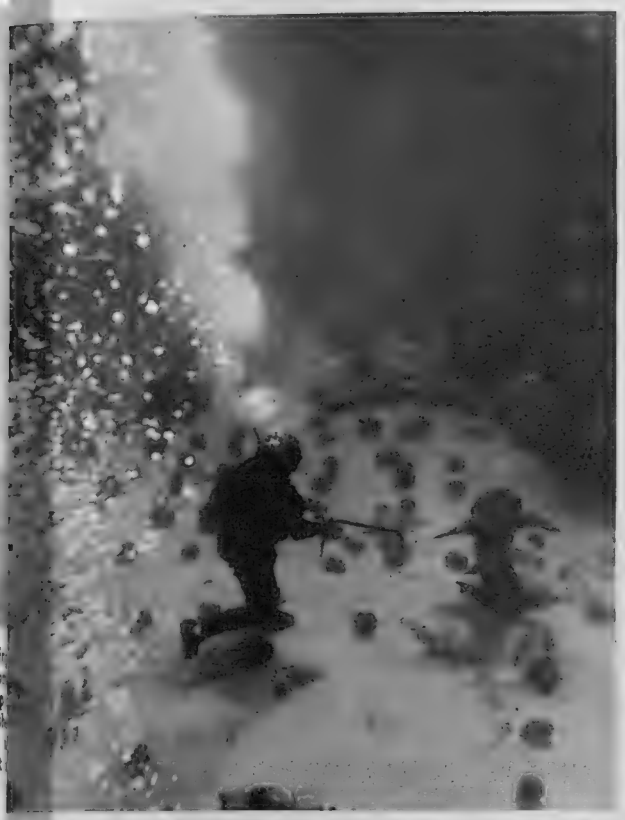
In the Gulf of Mexico, 185 ft. below the surface of the water, a film studio was established for ten days to shoot a five-minute scene for the Twentieth Century-Fox film *Beneath the Twelve-Mile Reef*. In order to shoot the film sequence, the director, Robert Webb, had to overcome a number of natural and also unexpected difficulties. The actual work beneath the water was made possible by the use of oxygen apparatus reminiscent of the kind used by frogmen during the war. Cameramen and other technicians on the ocean floor were thus able to work below water for about half an hour, at the end of which they had to surface to renew their supplies. Lighting was made possible by the erection of iron scaffolding, and microphones below water were connected with receivers on board the fleet of boats that accompanied the filming operation.

But perhaps one of the greatest difficulties encountered was dealing with fish. These were essential "extras," for they provided the crowd scenes for the action. Unfortunately, when the time came to shoot, they were frightened by the noise of the cameras, and disappeared hurriedly. Various stratagems to lure the recalcitrant fish back were devised. The director decided that certain sounds might bring them back, and so he used gramophone recordings on an underwater transmitter. The fish finally returned to the music of brass and percussion instruments.

The most striking of the sequences filmed under water shows a sponge fisherman fighting with a giant squid. *Beneath the Twelve-Mile Reef* is about the sponge fishermen who ply off the coast of Florida. The film, which is a Cinemascope production in Technicolor, and stars Robert Wagner and Terry Moore, is an exciting adventure story about rivalry in love and fishing among the sponge fishermen. This is not by any means a documentary film, but it does shed an interesting light on a little-known industry and the people behind it.

The sponge fisherman of Florida is said to belong to a race apart. The work is dangerous, for added to the technical dangers of underwater movement are the perils of the reefs and of the fish which abound on the ocean floor. It is, however, a profitable business, for sponges are as expensive as they are hard to secure, and the rewards of sponge fishermen are often considerable. Moreover, as one sponge fisherman explains, the ocean depths exercise an uncanny fascination on those who find wealth there. "You feel you have to visit the bottom of the sea every so often. There is a part of you that can never really live off the ocean bed. There is so much beauty under water—fish swimming in and out of the reefs, the wonderful flowers—that it draws you back again and again." Once a man has taken up this way of life, he can leave it for no other. A strange existence, which is well reflected in the remarkable underwater camera shots in *Beneath the Twelve-Mile Reef*.

PROVIDING UNDERWATER SOUND FOR THE UNDERWATER FILM: Microphones were skilfully arranged to provide sound-track for the sequences of *Beneath the Twelve-Mile Reef*. The technicians are seen carrying oxygen cont on their backs, while one of the actors is wearing a diving-suit. Lighting also had to be installed below su



ANGER ON THE OCEAN BED : An exciting moment in the film as a diver in search of sponges is confronted by a shark. The sponges, which were here planted on the bottom of the sea by the "prop" men, are a dangerous source of wealth, as the film clearly shows. The picture is a thrilling story of intrigue and rivalry among sponge fishermen. Besides courting attacks from sharks and other strange fish on the ocean bed, the sponge fisherman is often in peril among the treacherous reefs in the Gulf of Mexico.

CAMERAMEN ON THEIR WAY TO "LOCATION" : The technicians wore oxygen masks and carried cylinders on their backs like those used by war-time frogmen.

AMERAS, LIGHTING AND "PROPS" WERE ALL ASSEMBLED ON THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA : The technicians and the director who worked under the water were enabled to remain below the surface for up to half an hour by using oxygen masks and the containers on their backs. At the end of that period they surfaced and replenished their supplies. A compressed-air breathing apparatus enabled them to remain below for two hours.

A DIVER SIGNALLING THAT IT IS TIME TO COME UP : By jerking at the pull-cord by his side the actor in the diving-suit signalled that he wanted to be pulled up. A crew aboard a fishing-boat on the surface controlled his flow of air and pulled up the diver when necessary.

A GIANT TURTLE PRESENTS A PROBLEM FOR THE "PROP" MAN : This huge animal, a live turtle, was one of the animals that proved extremely troublesome. It had to be paddled through the scene in which it participated.

THE LURE OF OUR LOCAL SHOWS

Both Agricultural and Horse Shows are Enjoying Ever-increasing Popularity Throughout the Country

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

THE local agricultural show is held in August. It is a one-day show, one of many such shows held in the county every year, and it would be idle to pretend that it is of any importance. It was never meant to be of any importance as an agricultural show. It was never intended to attract in competition the big pedigree breeders, the professional showmen, or the machinery manufacturers, with their latest smartly-painted wonders. The local show was really instituted, in the first place, as an excuse for a holiday; a day on which farmers from within a radius of, say, ten miles could meet and show off their best animals, talk shop and swap stories, drink beer and enormous quantities of tepid, stewed tea, and curse the secretary; a day on which their wives could dress up, show off their babies and their jams, and gossip.

The local show was a holiday occasion. And in the evening it gave up all pretence of being anything else. The main ring was taken over by men and women and children, who took horses and ponies more or less successively over more or less difficult jumps, to the immense, and often ribald, delight of the crowd. There might be an exhibition of tent-pegging by soldiery from the neighbouring barracks or, perhaps, a trick motor-cyclist. The local band turned up and there was dancing. The agricultural show became a fête.

There have been changes since the war, of course. The animals are much better groomed nowadays, but they are still recognisably working farm animals as opposed to the shop-window animals that one sees at the "Royal" or the Bath and West. The competition is more serious nowadays: people are a little more anxious to take the first prize if they possibly can. The machinery and implement manufacturers turn up in force at even the smallest one-day show. But even so, as an agricultural show, the local show stands in much the same relationship to a national show or a county show, as does a vicarage tennis party to Wimbledon, both as regards dress and performance.

It is, one would think, of purely local and rural interest. Yet this year the local show attracted a "gate" of more than 10,000 people (which is over 2,000 more than the total population of the town in which it was held), and did this, moreover, on a day on which there was a county cricket match in the neighbouring town and first-class motor-racing of international standard, and actually with international competitors on this occasion, only a few more miles away in the opposite direction, but still within a reasonable bus ride.

Now this is happening all over the country. Every year since the war the attendance at agricultural shows, and particularly at the smaller shows, has been growing (though this increased attendance has been especially noticeable during the last three years) and the crowds, it must be remembered, are mainly composed of townsmen and townswomen with no close interest in agriculture. They do not come—as one might perhaps expect them to do in this mechanised age—to look at the machinery and the implements. It would not be too much to say that they take little or no notice of them. (And it may be that one of the reasons why the attendance at some of the big national shows is sometimes a little disappointing from the point of view of the promoting body is that at such shows so much stress is laid on, and so much space given to, the machinery and implement section.) They come to see the animals. And, in particular, they come to see the horses and the jumping. There can be no doubt at all that it is the jumping that makes the one-day agricultural show so popular. And the attendance at any agricultural show is always largest on the day on which the main jumping events are to be decided.

Of course, this interest is not confined to the agricultural shows. Indeed, the agricultural shows only take up the overflow, as it were. The main interest naturally lies in the horse shows and pony shows proper. Within recent years the attendance at the big horse shows—the White City, Harringay, Southport, and so on—has grown to rival the attendance at a good professional football match. And there is, too, a great and steadily growing interest in pony shows. A small local pony show in Surrey, which I happen to attend every year, may be taken as a case in point. It started, after the war, almost as a family affair, and more in the nature of a pony gymkhana than anything else. It has grown steadily year by year. Now competitors come from far afield, and now there are two rings and a loud-speaker commentary and all sorts of refinements. And year by year the numbers of onlookers increase.

It is all, surely, very astonishing. What has brought about this great and widespread interest in horses and, particularly, in show-jumping? Only a few years ago one had no difficulty in getting into the White City for the Horse Show, and even for the jumping the stands were but sparsely filled. To-day, Harringay (which really does hold an awful lot of people) is sold out for The Horse of the Year Show weeks ahead, and they make announcements on the radio warning you not to come, because you will not get in if you do. It is a most intriguing (and encouraging) phenomenon. But what has brought it about?

In recent years Great Britain has had many triumphs in the show-jumping world. We have won many nations' cups, and show-jumping brought us one of our only two Gold Medals in the Olympic Games of 1952. Success is news. Only a few years ago—say, five years ago—you could search the newspapers in vain for a mention of show-jumping. Now, show-jumping is news and all the national newspapers report the major events in the show-jumping year, and sometimes at considerable length. A horse, Foxhunter, is certainly as well known by name as Len Hutton. Lieut.-Colonel Harry Llewellyn is known by name to almost every Englishman, is certainly known by name and deed to thousands who could not, for the life of them, name the reigning British Heavy-weight Champion. And this is revolution.

THE DUBLIN HORSE SHOW, ONE OF THE GREATEST OF SPORTING AND SOCIAL EVENTS: A view of the jumping enclosure at Ballsbridge during the parade of the five International military teams which took part this year. The Dublin Horse Show is one of the most important show-jumping events, but hundreds of small communities throughout Britain organise their own local shows.

Television has devoted a quite astonishing amount of time to show-jumping. That this has helped to popularise the sport cannot, I think, be denied. So far from reducing the gate at such places as the White City and Harringay, it has helped to swell it to capacity. And it has done more than that. It brings not only the sport, but the people, into the sitting-room. It establishes a personal bond between spectator and performer. Five years ago, if Mrs. Carter had fallen at the White City, England would have been unmoved and the incident would, probably, not have been reported in a single daily newspaper. Five years ago—even less, much less—she would (and I hope that she will forgive me for saying this) have had to break her neck at the White City to become news. To-day, an audience numbered in millions watches her very gallant, and immensely exciting, attempt to beat the clock, sees her hit the last fence, watches her horse roll on her. At the flick of a camera Mrs. Carter, for a day or two at least, becomes a national figure.

JUMPING TRIALS AT BADMINTON: Lieutenant N. Arthur on Mr. R. Dennis's Lohengrin taking a jump in the steeplechase and cross-country class of this year's British Horse Society's Olympic trials.

That interest was born of the work of the British Show-Jumping Association and the riding clubs and the pony clubs. It was the B.S.J.A. who set out to convince people—riders and public—that show-jumping was a sport that had much to offer both in skill and excitement. They have done so extraordinarily successfully, and once some measure of success had been attained in international competition, the Press and the television cameras joined in and completed a work that the B.S.J.A. could never have completed by itself.

Equally, the B.S.J.A. would not, I think, have got very far—and we as a nation in competition certainly would not have done so—but for the riding clubs and the pony clubs. These are the backbone of modern riding. Their number has increased enormously since the war, and so, fortunately, has the standard of instruction within their ranks. Riding is more popular to-day in this country than it has been at any time since the introduction of the motor-car, and it has burst the bounds of snobbery. Time was when only the wealthy, the friends of the wealthy, and those within a very definite social circle rode in Rotten Row. If you went to Rotten Row, you knew what you were looking at. To-day, in Rotten Row, the bulk of the riders is, I understand, formed by girl shop-assistants from the big West End stores, and almost every walk of life is represented. It is, in my opinion, a very good thing: good, healthy, exercise for those whose ways of life do not give them the opportunity for much open-air recreation. And one thing in Rotten Row has not changed. Both the dress and the manners of the riders are perfect. Nobody should be astonished at that: everybody should be encouraged.

Riding has, in fact, become a national sport, and it is because it has that show-jumping and horse shows generally are so very popular as spectacles. But that does not mean that there is any profound knowledge of the horse or of the equestrian arts in the audience at these events. The knowledge, though it certainly deepens every year, is still superficial. There can be no doubt that most of the audience (as with polo) goes because it is an exciting spectacle. Mrs. Carter, crashing right in the eye of the camera, did show-jumping attendance figures more good than three clear rounds by Foxhunter. And that does not imply that show-jumping audiences are in the least sadistic. It only means that you have got to know a good deal about it to appreciate a succession of clear rounds. Anyone can appreciate the hazards when they are brought into the sitting-room in this dramatic fashion. It takes time to climb from appreciation of hazard and excitement to the finer appreciations. And there has not yet been time.

For all that, knowledge of the horse is spreading and deepening all the time. You see fewer and fewer half-bred ponies, fewer and fewer ponies with a touch of coarseness about them, at the pony shows in these days. You see more ponies of the highest quality, and in the show ring, both in the showing and jumping classes, there has been a vast improvement in the standard of horsemanship. It is probably true to say that we have in England the best ponies and the best child riders in the world. And when it comes to adults, it is probably true that there are in England many more really competent show-jumpers than in any other country in the world. From the point of view of British show-jumping that is all to the good. We shall need a lot of very good child riders if we are to hold our present position as the leading nation.

But there is, I think, another side to the picture. In a time of ruinously high taxation and a steadily rising cost of living, it is little short of amazing that so many people can afford to show horses and ponies. I do not know exactly what it costs to show a horse, but the average must be in the neighbourhood of £20 by the time you have got the animal into the ring at a first-class show. That crowds should want to watch show-jumping as a sport, that they should go to horse shows and agricultural shows, is natural enough in an age that is over-mechanised and over-professionalised. That is a very healthy sign and much to be encouraged. But the tremendous popularity of riding itself poses problems, and really requires a leadership which it has not yet received.

Once it was considered essential that every young lady should be able to play the piano. Wretched girls with no ear for music and with fingers like Indian clubs were driven to the piano to practise. The horse has now, in England, taken the place of the piano. To be able to ride (no matter how badly) is now considered an essential qualification for a young lady. It is certainly good exercise. But it is likely to go to the head. It is true that Miss Pat Smythe and Miss Jill Palethorpe, among other famous women riders, were products of the pony clubs. But few can attain to that degree of skill. Some will, no doubt, go into the hunting field. Some will, no doubt, be able to join a riding club. But a great many young girls will merely have acquired a most expensive taste—and some very expensive ideas go with the expensive taste—which in a world of rising costs and shrinking incomes they will not be able to satisfy. England is full of unused pianos.

THE LINKING OF TWO ROYAL FAMILIES

The Wedding in Eastern France of Archduke Robert of Habsburg and Princess Margherita of Aosta

For two days the little town of Bourg-en-Bresse, in Eastern France, was crowded with the exiled royalty of Europe It was the occasion of the marriage of the Archduke Robert of Habsburg and Princess Margherita of Savoy-Aosta, an event which united the imperial and Royal families of Austria and Italy for the first time since the Middle Ages. Archduke Robert, a bank official, is the second son of the Emperor Charles, who died in exile. Princess Margherita, an art student in Paris, is the daughter of the Duke of Aosta, former Viceroy of Ethiopia, who died at Nairobi during the last war in British captivity.

There were two ceremonies, one civil and the other religious. The civil ceremony was performed in the rather austere Town Hall. The following day the religious ceremony took place in the sixteenth-century church on the outskirts of Bourg-en-Bresse, which was built by an ancestor of the bridal couple, Margaret of Austria, whose portrait and armorial bearings appear in the stained-glass windows in the choir. Among the congregation were the bridegroom's mother, the Dowager Empress Zita, and his brother, Archduke Otto, Pretender to the Austrian throne. The bride's uncle, ex-King Umberto of Italy, was also present. In the town itself more than 20,000 people crowded together to get a glimpse of the glittering display of European royalty, and window-seats facing the church fetched £25 apiece.

ARCHDUKE ROBERT OF HABSBURG AND PRINCESS MARGHERITA OF SAVOY-AOSTA RECEIVE THE BENEDICTION: The Papal Nuncio to France, Mgr. Marella, pronounces the blessing on the Royal couple at the marriage ceremony in the Church of St. Nicholas of Tolentino, in Brou, Eastern France. The couple are seen kneeling on a cushion filled with earth from the Palace of Schonbrunn, seat of the Habsburg dynasty and birthplace of the bridegroom. The wedding ceremony, which was performed by the Bishop of Bellay, was attended by members of the Royal families of Austria and Italy. A guard of honour was formed by Viennese students, who wore their traditional costumes and swords.

THE DOWAGER EMPRESS ZITA WITH HER SONS: Members of the Habsburg family gathering after the wedding. From right, Archduke Robert, the bridegroom; Princess Anna Christina of Savoy; Archduchess Yolande; Archduke Rudolf; Archduke Otto, Pretender to the Austrian throne; the Dowager Empress Zita; Archduke Felix; and Archduchess Charlotte.

BRIDE AND GROOM LEAVING THE CHURCH: Archduke Robert and Princess Margherita, both of whom are more than 6 ft. tall, after the wedding ceremony. The Archduke is seen wearing the ancient Order of the Golden Fleece.

SIGNING THE MARRIAGE REGISTER AT THE CIVIL CEREMONY: The bride and bridegroom at the Town Hall of Bourg-en-Bresse, where the civil ceremony of their marriage was performed by the Mayor, M. Mercier.

EX-KING UMBERTO AT THE CIVIL CEREMONY: The former King of Italy, uncle of the bride, with his wife, ex-Queen Marie Jose, at the Bourg Town Hall talking to Archduke Robert and Princess Margherita. Ex-King Umberto was one of the witnesses for the bride.

M. COTY, THE PRESIDENT-ELECT AT THE ÉLYSÉE

The Next President of France is a Family Man, with a Homely Manner

Although M. Coty was unknown to most Frenchmen before his election on the thirteenth ballot during the marathon meeting at Versailles, he has none the less been a well-known figure in Parliamentary circles for a long while past, and now, as President-elect, this homely, friendly man is already a popular figure.

M. Coty was elected a Deputy for Le Havre in 1923 and he has sat continuously since then, either in the National Assembly or the Senate. After the Liberation he sat in the Constituent Assembly, where he bitterly contested the drafting of the present Constitution, to which so many of France's ills are attributed. Later, in 1948 he was for eight months Minister for Reconstruction in M. Schumann's Government. M. Coty is the son of the owner of a boys' school in his native Le Havre, and he speaks faultless English. As a barrister he had a brilliant career, and he is a specialist on the bankruptcy laws. The President-elect has been married for forty-seven years and he has two daughters. He and his wife have lived very modestly in recent years in a small flat on the Quay of Flowers, on the Right Bank of the Seine, near Notre Dame.

From January 19 Madame Coty will be the Chatelaine of the Élysée, and of the President's country estate at Rambouillet. M. Coty will assume his great office with the immediate task of finding a new Prime Minister, for the Government goes out with the Presidency. It seems probable that the same party struggle which came to the surface during the Versailles balloting will emerge once again, although President Auriol, in a farewell broadcast, made a stirring plea for the ending of old political hatreds which have torn the country.

THE PRESIDENT-ELECT DRIVES IN STATE TO THE ÉLYSÉE PALACE TO PAY HIS RESPECTS TO PRESIDENT AURIOL: This was the scene as the cavalcade rounded the Arc de Triomphe on Christmas Eve. M. Coty drove in an open car accompanied by M. Laniel, the Premier, and escorted by the Garde Republicaine. M. Coty takes office on January 17.

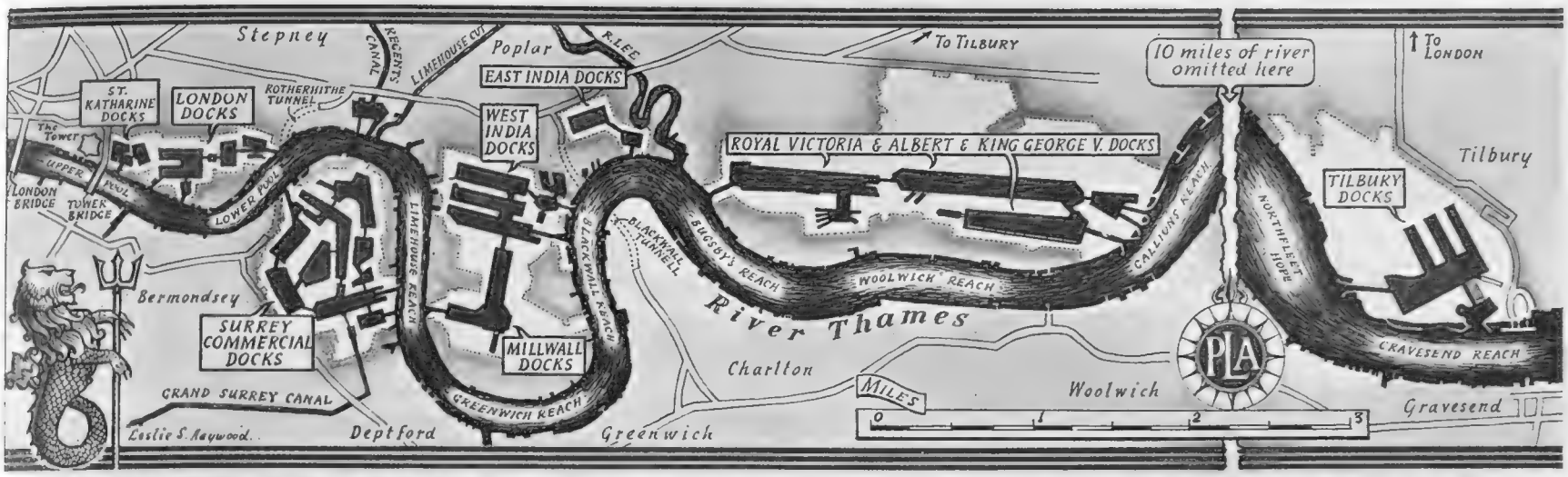
M. COTY BECOMES PRESIDENT-ELECT AND HOLDS OUT HIS HAND TO M. LANIEL, THE PRIME MINISTER, AND A CONTESTANT FOR THE PRESIDENTIAL OFFICE: In between them stands M. Le Troquier, the Chairman of the Congress, which, after days of balloting and argument, eventually decided upon M. Coty as the next President of the Republic. M. Laniel led in ballot after ballot during this fierce struggle, but his prominence told against him, for as Premier he had feuded with a bloc inside his own Party led by former Premier Antoine Pinay, and he had taken harsh measures against striking workers. On the seventh ballot, M. Laniel came within twenty-two votes of breaking the resistance against him, but could not quite achieve it.

On right—

M. AND MADAME COTY: The new President and his wife seen in the Grand Salon of the Prefecture at Versailles.

THE WIFE OF THE FRENCH PRESIDENT SHAKES HANDS WITH THE WIFE OF THE PRESIDENT-ELECT: Madame Auriol greeting Madame Coty when they met at the Élysée on Christmas Eve. They are meeting on several occasions before January 19 to arrange details of the transfer of the two households.

M. COTY'S "EN FAMILLE": The President-elect and his wife seen with their children and grandchildren. One of M. Coty's daughters, Madame Egloff, is seen on the left with her husband, M. Louis Egloff. M. Coty, like President Lebrun, is a great family man. He hails from Normandy and has a long record of efficient service. Already his friendly smile, his large family and his homely manner of life have become familiar to the public.



THE MAIN DOCK SYSTEM ON THE LONDON RIVER: This sketch-map by Leslie S. Haywood shows the various docks between Tower Bridge, in the heart of London, and Tilbury, near the estuary of the Thames, where a great modernisation programme is under way. On every tide great fleets of merchant ships use the tideway, but most of the ships are berthed in enclosed docks. This enclosure system has contributed both to the safety of the ships and of their cargoes, at one time much open to plundering as they waited their turn to come alongside the wharves.

LONDON'S PORT ASTRIDE THE TIDEWAY

The Great System of Enclosed Docks Along the Thames which Has Been Steadily Modernised and Improved from the Pool of London to Tilbury

By L. M. BATES

ASSESSED only by the measure of its waters, the tidal Thames, compared with the big rivers of the world, ranks merely as an insignificant stream. By other standards it is incomparably the greatest of all waterways: great in the number and variety of its vessels; great in its influence upon the destinies of a nation living by ships; great in its heritage of tradition; and greatest in all these together.

It is a source of wonder to men of the Thames that the casual visitor will ride the tide down to Greenwich, stand fascinated by the opening of Tower Bridge, or crane over the Embankment, and yet fail to appreciate that London is a major world port. The sense of perspective tends to become distorted by an embarrassment of riches, for the Port of London consists of 69 miles of tideway, five large groups of enclosed docks with a total water area of more than 700 acres, and hundreds of riverside wharves. The landward limit is on the river of pleasure at Teddington, where the tidal reaches end; the seaward limit is in the vicinity of the Great Nore Tower, where the river enters the foyer of the North Sea.

The Thames begot the City of London more than 2,000 years ago; and the tide was godparent. On the flood it was and still is just fast enough to carry the seaman into magnificent natural harbourage without endangering his craft and, ebbing, floated him into the narrow seas fringed on the far side by other great rivers serving rich and populated hinterlands. The first Cockneys who had fearfully paddled past the primeval swamps of the lower river to build their huts on the twin hills beside the Pool of London sought only food and security, but their trackways found a ford where London Bridge now stands. In time, their fort became a superlatively advantageous trading site.

THE WINE-GAUGING GROUND AT THE LONDON DOCK: Here the incoming casks are measured for bulk content and strength, and the figures are then indelibly inscribed on the head of each cask before it is placed in store.

SURREY COMMERCIAL DOCKS, THE HOME OF BRITAIN'S SOFTWOOD TRADE: Timber from Scandinavia, Russia and the Pacific coast pours into this dock; in the background is a timber ship from Sweden.

Despite the natural facilities afforded by their harbour, Londoners have largely remoulded it during the last two centuries, for a port, possibly more than any other commercial undertaking, must keep ahead of all demands likely to be made upon its resources. And when one pauses to review the stages of ship development, between seventeenth-century East Indiamen and the modern liner, the spur to London's industrious re-shaping of its port becomes obvious.

This, then, is the underlying reason why London's shipping is mainly berthed in enclosed docks which were conceived in the closing years of the eighteenth century, when all ships discharged their cargo in the river. For some time shipowners and merchants had been conscious that the Thames was no longer in the van of progress; that the increasing size of vessels and the continual expansion of overseas trade demanded something more than the natural facilities provided by the river. The matter was brought to a head by the enormous increase in cargo plundering, made all the harder to combat by a stream congested with ships waiting long periods to unload and by wharves choked with cargo awaiting delivery.

The answer to both problems was found in the construction of the West India Docks, the first enclosed docks to be built in the Port of London. These docks permitted the ever-bigger merchantmen to lie at a constant level, undisturbed by the 20-ft. rise and fall of the river tide and, guarded by a high wall and armed watchmen, enabled cargo owners to sleep more soundly at night. The other docks followed, culminating in 1921 with the completion of the King George V dock at North Woolwich.

Vessels enter and leave Port of London docks by locks which are virtually hydraulic ship-lifts between the permanent level of the dock water and the variable tide-level in the river. Most dock quays in London are equipped with railway, connecting with the main lines; and the rising volume of road traffic has inspired the construction of some really fine roadways.

All five groups of docks in the Port of London have been modernised; in certain cases, individual docks have been almost completely rebuilt, for the future now looms much faster than in the eighteenth century, and the redesign of dock accommodation and cargo equipment must continue to reflect the shape not only of the ship but also of the ship to come. For example, the projected building

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LONDON'S PORT ASTRIDE THE TIDEWAY

THE CENTRAL GRANARY AT THE INDIA AND MILLWALL DOCKS GROUP: Here grain shipped in bulk from the great wheat-growing areas of the world is sucked from the holds of freighters into what is London's largest grain store. The building can hold 24,000 tons of grain at one time and is a great landmark in the neighbourhood of the Isle of Dogs.

BARGES GATHERED ROUND THE MERCHANT SHIPS DURING UNLOADING OPERATIONS IN THE SOUTH-WEST INDIA DOCK: There are 7,000 "dumb" barges in daily London, playing a tremendous part in the port's activities. The South-West India Dock came into being in a curious way. The West India Dock Act gave to the Corporation of London to construct a canal from Limehouse Reach to Blackwall Reach in order that ships, by proceeding along the canal, might sa considerable portion of the time taken to navigate the river round the Isle of Dogs. It was finished in 1805 at a cost of £168,800, but it did not prove a fin success and was sold for £12,000 to the Dock Company, who widened it to form a dock. This was enlarged in 1870 and became the South-West India

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programmes of the P. & O. and Orient lines have caused the Port of London Authority to embark on the reconstruction of the Tilbury Docks, at an estimated cost of £1,300,000.

The Tilbury Docks, 26 miles downstream from London Bridge, are nearest the sea. Besides providing a base for the small ships trading with the Continent, they are used regularly by the *Himalaya*, *Chusan* and the "Straths" of the P. & O. and the *Orcades* and other well-known vessels of the Orient Line.

Trading principally with Australia, New Zealand and the Far East, Tilbury Docks handle a particularly heterogeneous type of cargo. Alone among docks of the Port of London they are not equipped with warehouses, the cargo merely pausing in the transit sheds to await collection by importers or passing on to more permanent storage in P.L.A. warehouses elsewhere. In the river adjacent to Tilbury Docks is the Ocean Passenger Landing Stage, 1,143 ft. in length. This floating structure, where the largest ships using the Port can berth at any state of the tide, adjoins a magnificent Customs Baggage Hall and a modern railway terminus. This facility for London's overseas passenger traffic was opened in 1930, and was described by Sir Alan Herbert as: "A beautiful, simple, dignified building; it will be the first English interior which many thousands of foreign and Dominion visitors see, and it will do us credit."

Before 1909, the Royal Docks at North Woolwich consisted of the Royal Victoria and Royal Albert Docks; the group was enlarged by the addition of the King George V Dock, begun before and completed after the First World War, the Royal Victoria Dock being completely redesigned during the second. The three docks are interconnected and have a total water area of 236 acres, the world's largest sheet of impounded water. The biggest vessels using the Port, up to 35,000 gross register tonnage, berth in the Royal Docks at only five miles by road from the heart of the City. of the shipping using the Royal Docks is on services, and its routes radiate over all the sea it would, indeed, be difficult to find a port in the not served by ships from this group, either dire by convenient transhipment. In variety and nu the Royal Docks normally accommodate the large most interesting concentration of ships in the wor

The East and West India and Millwall Docks third group, cover much of the Isle of Dogs. Bu their name implies, to deal with Colonial produce are still the focal point of London's sugar, hardwoo fruit importations. There, however, tradition sto the West India Docks have changed since fantas wealthy merchants drove there in near-state to see cargoes discharged by treadmill cranes. Sugar instance, imported from time immemorial, first in heads and then in bags, has recently begun to

THE ROYAL VICTORIA DOCK LOOKING WEST, FORMING WITH THE ROYAL ALBERT AND KING GEORGE V DOCKS THE LARGEST SHEET OF IMPOUNDED DOCK WATER IN THE WORLD: The three docks, each linked by waterways, have a combined water area of 236 acres and lie on the bend of the river between Bugsby's Reach and Gallions Reach. The Royal Victoria Dock was opened in 1855, being designed to accommodate the larger vessels which had come into being with the advent of steam-powered ships. The reconstruction of the Royal Victoria Dock was finished during the Second World War, and the dock was thus able to play a vital part in D-Day loadings.

FREIGHTERS IN THE KING GEORGE V DOCK: This is the most recently-completed of the London docks and it was formally opened in 1921.

On right—A VESSEL ENTERING THE ROYAL ALBERT DOCKS FROM THE KING GEORGE V DOCK: A ship being towed through one of the connecting waterways in the dock system.

n bulk, being discharged by grabs aided by highly ingenious trimming machines.

The London and St. Katherine Docks, at Wapping, have a character quite different from those of the other Dock groups. Here is the principal storage centre of the Port, where massive warehouses and acres of vaults constitute what is probably the greatest treasury in the world. The ships using these docks are mainly engaged in Continental trades, but much of the warehoused wealth arrives from the lower docks in some of the 5,000 "dumb" barges in daily use in the Port. At the warehouses of the London and St. Katherine Docks, as, indeed, in all P.L.A. warehouses, skilled staff are available to carry out trade processes on behalf of importers; and sorting, grading, sampling, blending, refining, bottling and many other operations are part of a service unique among those provided by port authorities.

The Surrey Commercial Docks, at Rotherhithe, are the only docks on the south side of the river. They deal with general cargo arriving from many parts of the world, but their keynote is softwood timber—deals, battens, boards, props, "firewood," etc., from Scandinavia, Russia and the North Pacific Coast, dropping down in slingloads from the ships' derricks and being stacked expertly by acrobatic deal porters.

In an age bemused with the complexities of international finance and economic theories it is refreshing to visit the quays of London's docks and see a substantial portion of the real wealth of the world. It can, indeed, be safely claimed that every article of commerce sufficiently robust to withstand the rigours of sea carriage is found at some time or another in London's dockside sheds or warehouses. Vast refrigerated stores accommodate frozen meat and dairy produce; whole ranges of warehouses are specially equipped to store wool and tobacco; more general storage is provided for spices, drugs, rubber and a thousand other primary products; some 20 acres of vaults contain an ocean of barrelled and bottled wines and spirits; dockside granaries and flour mills suck in grain and cereals by pneumatic elevators; a warehouse floor here is covered with tusks of ivory, another there with kegs of iodine, shells, ostrich feathers, cigars or tea; and carpets of all types are piled over about three acres of floor space. Outward bound, in payment for all these imports, go the cars, coaches, locomotives, cutlery, sewing-machines, and other examples of our skill and industry.

The statistics of goods handled in the port in one year are fantastic to a man-in-the-street forced for so long to think in terms of the pittances of rationing: 2,000,000 tons of grain, seed and flour; 534,000 tons of meat; 4,250,000 tons of petroleum; 1,000,000 tons of sugar; 22,000 tons of tobacco; 21,000 tons of wines and spirits; 103,000 tons of wool; rows of noughts, in fact, file monotonously through the long list of tonnages handled in the Port of London. The value of goods, inward and outward, which pass through the port each year is more than £2,000,000,000, and represents nearly one-third of the value of our total overseas trade.

We must now briefly glance at the gateway without which the docks would be useless. One of the greatest contributions to the modern Port of London is the artificial approach channel completed by the P.L.A. in 1927. This channel, 30 ft. deep at low water and 1,000 ft. wide at its maximum depth and width, permits large ocean-going vessels to ascend the river to the Pool in the shadow of London Bridge, fifty miles from the sea. No less than 170,000,000 tons of material have been dredged to create and maintain this vital artery.

A harbour service, whose craft are the handmaidens of London's shipping, maintains a constant patrol in the river. Its allies are the dredging service, the mooring and wreck-raising fleet, the hydrographic survey and the river purification service, all part of the P.L.A. undertaking. Close co-operation is maintained between these services and other river organisations—the pilotage service of the Corporation of Trinity House, the Port Health Authority of the City of London Corporation, the river police of the Metropolitan Force (the P.L.A. has its own police force in dock premises) and the almost countless towage and lighterage and other private firms which all go to make up the Port of London.

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LONDON'S PORT ASTRIDE THE TIDEWAY

LONDON RIVER, THE PROCESSION OF SHIPS THAT SAILS UP AND DOWN WITH THE TIDES: This picture, taken in Gallions Reach, shows the river at the point where it begins to broaden out after the Woolwich Narrows. At times there is an almost continuous procession of freighters and passenger vessels, either heading down to the sea or coming up to berth, and once seen it is possible to appreciate the enormous daily traffic of the Port of London.

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The full pageantry of shipping is not easily recognised on the wide oceans, but the lower reaches of the Thames at tide-time would stir the blood of the dullest landsman; big ships of all types follow each other up to the docks; coasters and smaller ships string out for various wharves; tankers, colliers and craft of all kinds, including that beautiful anachronism, the spritsail barge, all take advantage of that beneficial tidal power which brought the first settlers to London. Thames-side generating stations, riverside works and bunkering establishments all live by water transport, and their traffic accounts for a large proportion of the stream of ships. More than 100 shipping companies operate regular direct services from London to over 300 overseas ports, and more than 800 ships on regular services leave the port each month.

Science and engineering are vital rivets in the link between sea and land transport—the true function of the Port of London; and it is perhaps in the matter of mechanical equipment that the pattern of the Thames and its docks has been most strikingly changed. Less than four decades ago the machines used for handling vessels and cargo were comparatively simple, and, in the main, only supplemented ships' own gear and an abundance of manual labour. To-day, electric power and many forms of applied science help to resolve the growing complexities of distributing overseas trade and to make the most economic use of the comparatively small post-war labour force.

The mechanical wonders of London's Port are too numerous to describe in detail, but the spirit in which the docks have been equipped may be gauged by the recently completed and highly successful experiment of completely mechanising an export berth. A fleet of floating cranes, the largest of which can lift 150 tons; almost countless quay and mobile cranes; fleets of electric trolleys and fork-lift trucks; conveyers of all types; berths specially equipped to deal with perishables such as chilled meat and bananas; selenium cells whose invisible rays count stalks of bananas; tugs, barges and rolling stock; lifting and swinging bridges; dry-docks; pumping stations, etc. Every single item has been selected and installed with an eye to the nation's pressing need to turn the ships round faster.

To understand how the administration of this giant and complex undertaking functions, we must once again glance back to more leisurely days. When the docks had transformed harbourage in the Thames, the tideway had virtually become the Port of London as it is to-day. It was, however, still too incohesive to allow shipowners and merchants to reap a suitable dividend from the improvements. During the second half of the nineteenth century, the river, separately administered, began to silt up. War began between the private dock companies, which resulted in rates becoming so competitive that their financial reserves dwindled to the exclusion of improvements and even the most prudent maintenance. In 1900 a Royal Commission was appointed, and after much deliberation the Port of London Act 1908 resulted.

The Port of London Authority, created by this Act, represents all port interests. The twenty-eight members are partly elected and partly appointed, receive no payment for their services and aim to operate the port for the benefit of those who use it. The organisation is self-supporting, receiving no subsidies, and profits are devoted to improving facilities or reducing charges. The P.L.A. is an outstanding example of democratic rule by committee, and the vital part which the Port of London plays to-day in our overseas trade is due in no small measure to the imaginative planning which characterises the P.L.A. under its chairman, Lord Waverley.

The proof of the pudding lies in the present state of Port of London trade. During the Second World War, much of the Thames's normal traffic was arbitrarily diverted to other ports, and it is well known that a customer denied service, whatever the reason, does not always return. Nevertheless, although London's shipping traffic has not yet fully recovered from wartime losses, it is now nearly comparable in tonnage to that using the port before the war, while the volume of imports and exports has considerably increased.

This brief review has of necessity omitted many of the features which help to make the Thames the greatest of all rivers—its palaces and churches, round-bellied taverns, the traditions and wit of its watermen, the many places hallowed to overseas visitors. But they are as much a part of the true Thames scene as docks and shipping, for in the infinite variety of its tideway lies much of London's strength.

PASSENGER AND CARGO LINERS BERTHED AT TILBURY DOCKS: The Port of London Authority has just started a £1,300,000 reconstruction scheme in order to allow more large liners to use the Tilbury Docks. Both P. & O. and Orient lines have larger vessels either built or building. *On right*—THE ROYAL TERRACE PIER AT GRAVESEND: This is the headquarters of the London Pilotage Service and here the pilots take over for the up-river journey.

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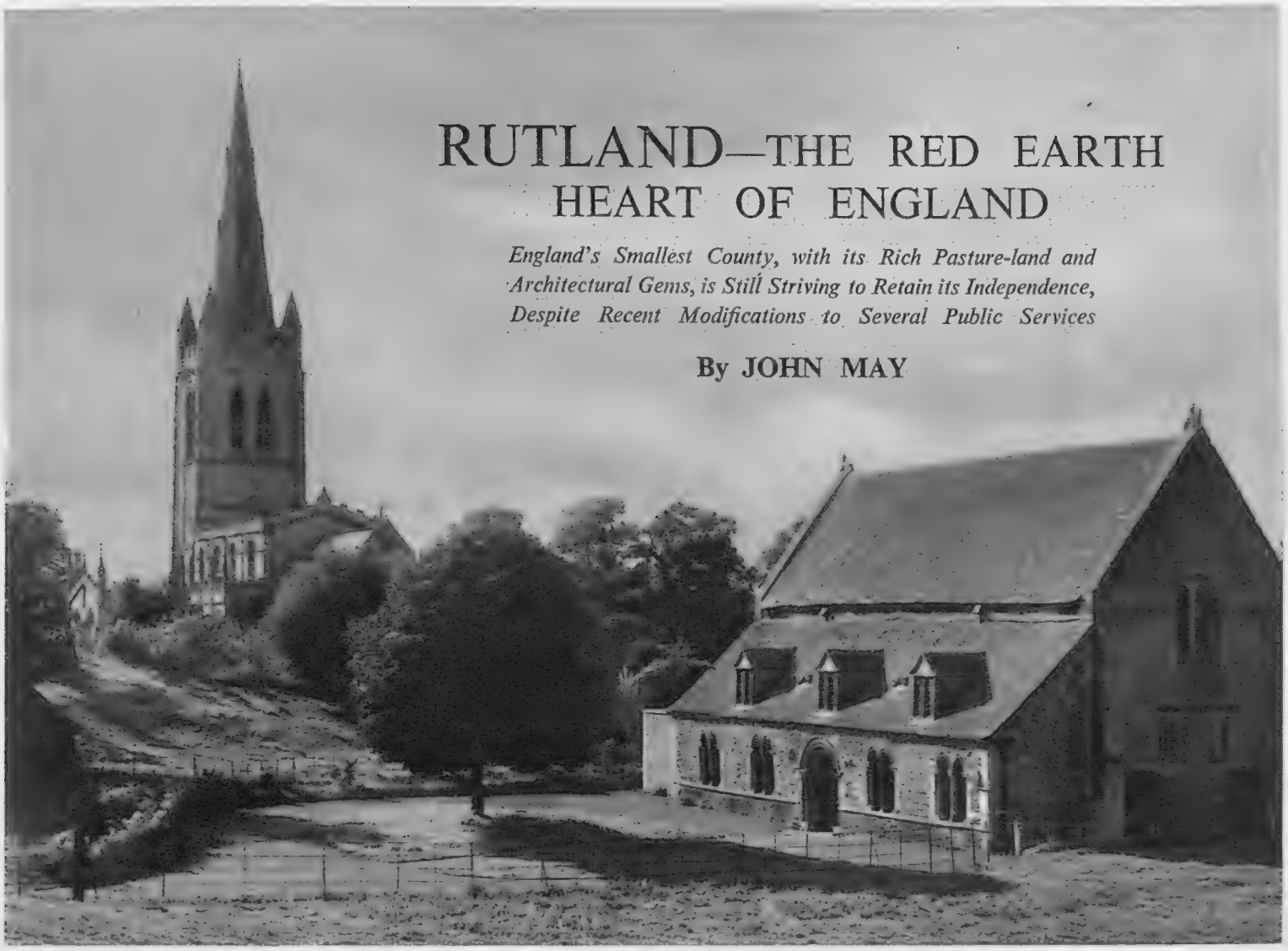
RUTLAND—THE RED EARTH HEART OF ENGLAND

England's Smallest County, with its Rich Pasture-land and Architectural Gems, is Still Striving to Retain its Independence, Despite Recent Modifications to Several Public Services

By JOHN MAY



ONE OF THE MOST PROMINENT LANDMARKS IN THE COUNTY OF RUTLAND—OAKHAM PARISH CHURCH AND CASTLE: Portions of both buildings, which stand close to the market-place, date back to the twelfth century. The castle, originally the banqueting hall of a fortified manor house built by Walkelin de Ferrers, is now used as the Assize Court. It contains a fine collection of horseshoes—the forfeit of any peer of the Kingdom passing through the town for the first time. All Saints' Church, with its fourteenth-century spire dominating the Vale of Catmose, is an exceptionally fine building. It has cathedral-like proportions, having been enlarged and partly rebuilt in the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and contains particularly interesting carvings and furnishings. Since 1939 Oakham has grown in size, for new factories have been opened near by and housing estates have taken the place of open spaces, but despite these many innovations, it still retains its dignity as the pleasant county town of England's smallest "shire." In the accompanying article John May reports on Rutland at a time when the county is striving to retain its independence, for already responsibility for some administration has passed to Leicestershire.

WHEN he was nine years old, little Jeffrey Hudson, who was born in Oakham, the county town of Rutland, was still only 18 ins. tall. But he was old enough to be amusing if not useful, and so he was taken into the great Buckingham household two miles away at Burley-on-the-Hill, and there they served him up one day to Queen Henrietta in a pie—not cooked, of course, but, like the famous "four-and-twenty blackbirds" in the "Song of Sixpence," very much alive. Boy pie! It was a pretty conceit, and little Jeffrey became the Queen's page. He went overseas, was twice captured by pirates, but survived all and ended his days surely the smallest but not the least valiant knight ever known—pocket-sized Sir Jeffrey Hudson.

Though this all happened three centuries ago, the story of little Sir Jeffrey is in some ways a parallel to Rutland's own. Every schoolboy knows that Rutland is the smallest county in England, and knows practically nothing more of it. The truth is that at times Rutland, like Jeffrey in the pie, has been in some tight corners, but has managed to survive. There was the affair of 1947, for instance, and the little "Multum in Parvo" county has several fights on its hands to-day. Not all the pirates are dead, though some of them no longer sail the seas.

Shaped as if it were the red earth heart of England itself, Rutland is only some sixteen miles or so each way. Its rich green pasture-lands are studded, like the Cotswold country, with gemlike villages built in limestone of pearly grey, and others of golden-hued and orange ironstone, sometimes thatched and sometimes roofed with russet Colley Weston slates covered with lichen. Its spired village churches are incomparable, their size not so much an index of past populations (they could rarely have been filled) as the result of the conjoining of piety, prosperity and the proximity of fine quarries to make them, with the spur of local rivalry, soaring monuments to the glory of God.

Leicestershire, Lincolnshire and Northamptonshire press on the little county's three sides from the west, north and east. (There is no southern border because, heart shaped, the county comes to a point at Caldecott.) Rutland is indeed one of the shires, but does not use the suffix to its name. It is hunted over by its own Cottesmore foxhounds, and by famous neighbouring packs—Belvoir, Quorn, Fitzwilliam, Ferries, Woodland Pytchley. Here the Duke of Windsor hunted with Mrs. Simpson. "She used to ride side-saddle on a white horse," said a humble and elderly local woman

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A SEASONAL PICTURE FROM OAKHAM: The meet of the Cottesmore Hounds in Cutts Close is always an occasion of local significance, especially on Boxing Day, when people travel to the town from many parts of the county. In the right background of the picture is the old school-room of Oakham School, founded in 1584 by the Venerable Robert Johnson, later Archdeacon of Leicester.

THE HEART-SHAPED COUNTY OF RUTLAND: A sketch-map showing England's smallest county, with Leicestershire, Lincolnshire and Northamptonshire pressing on its three sides.

RUTLAND—THE RED EARTH HEART OF ENGLAND

THE REPUTED BIRTHPLACE OF JEFFREY HUDSON : This thatched co stands at the junction of Melton Road and High Street, Oakham's thoroughfare. It is possible that Titus Oates was born in the same h

***On left*—AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY MONDAY AND THE LOCAL PO LATION TURN OUT IN FORCE FOR THE COUNTY SHOW, ORGAN BY THE RUTLAND AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY :** The day's events cluding the judging of cattle, show jumping, a static display of agricu implements and other events, take place on the outskirts of Oak

IN THE OLDER CORNERS OF RUTLAND'S TWO TOWNS : *Left*—The old Butter Cross and stocks which stand in the market-place, close to the main buildings of Oakham School. The structure said to be of late sixteenth-century date, stands on eight oak posts, which in turn rest in square blocks of stone, with a massive central shaft. There is much activity in the market-place at present as a new post office is rising on the site of some old shops. *Right*—The original Uppingham School, also founded by Archdeacon Johnson, which stands in the churchyard

(Continued from previous page)

shopkeeper, as fervently as if she were confusing the Duchess with Lady Godiva's saving of Coventry. "She was a lovely horse-person!" Rutland has always been a pet spot for some of the most eminent in the land.

The North Road (so unaccountably labelled "Great") now roars through its top right-hand corner. But Oakham its county town, and Uppingham, its other town, are away to the west just far enough to remain unspoiled and friendly. In the main streets anyone is likely to give even a stranger "Good morning!" And the score of teak seats beside the footway (inconspicuous war memorials at various points in Oakham are not fixed to the ground as they would need to be in many county towns, nor have any initials been sacrilegiously carved upon them.

Rutland until recently was notoriously a crimeless county, in fact. Whether this was due to a law-abiding citizenry, lenient police, or both, was debatable. Some said that drunks were never arrested but always told to go home; that cars were always from the big houses and so were driven with due regard to the law, and treated by the law with due regard. Be that as it may, Rutland is now no longer a county so far as crime is concerned. The 1948 Police Act chipped away a little of its independence, and the merged Leicestershire and Rutland Constabulary now maintain the law.

Since then, instead of being Rutland's Chief Constable, Alan Bond is Clerk of the Peace, a reversal of roles achieved by virtue of his holding office as Clerk of the Rutland County Council. Reginald J. Browning, Clerk of the Oakham Urban Council, says: "It is remarkable that Oakham is still the proud administrative capital of this 'ancient, historic and loyal' county. There was a stormy passage in 1947, but the people launched the 'Hands Off Rutland!' campaign, and triumphantly succeeded in retaining their ancient rights."

Rutland is a ripe little red plum that makes neighbouring fingers itch. But its two most pressing present problems arise from the fact that the county is poor in water though rich in stone. Typically the name of the enchanting village of Stoke Dry, in the southern tip of the county, means just what it says. As early as 1220 it was called Drie Stoke. Now it overlooks

***On left*—**
THE HOME AND ESTATE OF THE EARL OF GAINSBOROUGH : A view by Aerofilms Ltd., showing Barham Court, Exton Park and the village of Exton. The church on the left has a fourteenth-century tower and spire

WORK IN PROGRESS AT ONE OF THE CLIPSHAM QUARRIES : The quarries at Clipsham have been worked since the thirteenth century and have supplied a honey-coloured stone to many notable buildings. In December it was announced that stone in a new pit quarried by the Clipsham Quarry Co. was unsaleable as the blocks had been shaken to pieces, probably by a volcanic eruption. The pit was the sixth to be opened on the site, bore-hole findings having shown a 30-ft. face of stone. In the meantime, the stone is still being quarried at near-by Holywell.

IRONSTONE MINING NEAR THE EARL OF GAINSBOROUGH'S HOME : As soon as the ironstone is taken away the overburden of agricultural land is replaced and the farmers return to grow their crops. This scheme has worked favourably in Rutland, thanks to the foresight of the farmers.

SUMMER SCENE AT TOLETHORPE, NEAR GREAT CASTERTON : This corner of Rutland is renowned for its beech trees, notably near Tolethorpe Hall, birthplace in the year 1549 of Robert Browne, of rebellious memory. Tolethorpe, no longer a village, was once closely linked with Little Casterton.

On left—

A REMINDER OF THE OLD DAYS AT MARKET OVERTON : The old stocks and whipping-post which are preserved on the village green. The market at Overton is known to have taken place as far back as 1200. When it was thought that Rutland might be obliterated as a county, J. and A. E. Stokes set out on a journey of exploration, visiting many villages and recording their travels in a diary. Their story has now been told in a book entitled *Just Rutland* and published at 10s. 6d. by John Hawthorn (S. R. Fuller), of Uppingham.

CONTRASTS IN THE COUNTRYSIDE : *Left*—The tall chimney at Ketton of the Ketton Portland Cement Co. Ltd., which is a familiar and dominating landmark for miles around. The greatest activity of the twenty-five-year-old company is the manufacture of Portland, Rapid Hardening and special cements. The present output of cement is 250,000 tons a year. *Right*—A rural scene at Preston, where in springtime the verges of the roads are adorned with daffodils provided by the Squire after the 1914-18 war.

...ere reservoir opened in 1940 in the Eye Brook ..., but Rutland's water shortage is still not solved. ... year, after the recent "Noah's summer," there ...ossibly be adequate water in some places, but a dry ...n leaves Oakham, especially, short of water in the ...ing August, September and October. (Even on ...mas Day Oakham's water was restricted to a few ... supply.) There is hope, nevertheless, in the Dove ...ne, which would take from the River Dove and ... the supply between Rutland and part of Leicester-...—a 15,000,000-gallon daily gulp for the latter and ...000-gallon sip for the other.

...here are springs not too far from Oakham at Horn ... but here the richness of Rutland stone interposed ...iculty. Horn, just west of the North Road, is a ... where village and church have both vanished. ...300 years ago, in little Sir Jeffrey Hudson's day, ...ple inhabitant was a shepherd, and in 1890 the ... was inducted beside a thorn tree which was believed ... the only remaining mark of the site of the church of All Saints. The hope of piping the springs vanished also when the Ministry of Housing and Local Government decided that iron-stone quarrying right next door at Exton might upset the supply of water, and that therefore the scheme could not be sanctioned.

Almost a third of Rutland's 95,000 acres are scheduled for eventual iron-mining. The lovely Exton estate, owned by Anthony Gerard Edward Noel, the 5th Earl of Gainsborough (Lord Gainsborough is, incidentally, chairman of the Oakham Rural District Council), is being mined for ironstone, and a railway for this purpose encircles it. But, owing to the foresight of landowners, the result in Rutland will not be the devastation that has happened elsewhere. They have insisted that the overburden of agricultural land should be replaced after the ironstone is extracted. In some parts of the county already mined, the crops are growing again, and the public, if not the farmer, sees hardly any difference except for a general lowering of ground-level.

Besides exporting ironstone, Rutland has helped rebuild the House of Commons with its famous honey-coloured limestone quarried for centuries at Clipsham, where the village is another gem. The county has provided the Royal Canadian Air Force with headquarters at North Luffenham, and one of the largest Midland aerodromes is at Cottesmore. The G.P.O. is building a new Post Office in the Market Place near Oakham's ancient public school, and it has been announced that an open prison is to be established at the Ashwell militia camp, not far from the Cottesmore Hunt kennels.

Progress, that ambiguous improver, marches on. But meantime there are still trout in the Gwash, and in Oakham Castle are still 200 horseshoes taken as toll from peers and royalty passing through—some of them a yard across, purporting a horse two buses high! For its size the county has no rival in rustic beauty, and many from outside will have a kindly sympathy for the man who wrote in his will: "When I die I wish to be buried in Rutland—if there is room."

FELLING THE ELM TREES IN BROAD WALK, KENSINGTON GARDENS, LONDON: This was the scene after the work of felling had been in progress for some days. The task is being carried out to the orders of the Ministry of Works, in the interests of public safety. This action by the Ministry of Works has given rise to much controversy.

The business of the felling and replacing of elm trees in Broad Walk, Kensington, began as long ago as last July, when Sir David Eccles, the Minister of Works, stated, in answer to questions asked in the Commons, that he thought that the trees should be felled in the interests of public safety, and that he proposed to make a start at the end of the year. When the trees in Broad Walk have been removed, Sir David, on expert advice, plans to replace them, at the earliest opportunity, with an inner line of scarlet oak and an outer line of common beech, with the light-shaded variety of copper beech at the ends of the rows, and wherever there is a break in the lines. It is intended that the change-over should take place as gradually as possible, and at the moment only those trees that are in a dangerous state are being felled. Of the trees removed so far, not one has been found free of Dutch elm disease.

The Home News in Pictures

FELLING THE BROAD WALK ELM

The Ashford By-Pass is to be Completed; A Russian London; The Chess Congress at Hastings; The Sale of St. Priory; and Other Home News Events

A RUSSIAN CARGO-SHIP IN THE PORT OF LONDON: The Soviet ship *buss* seen at berth in the Surrey Commercial Docks, London, one of the five Russian ships that have brought over 4[illegible] Russian gold to the Bank of England. This gold has been pu[illegible] bullion market in this country. It is thought in some places will be used for the purchase of trawlers and other co[illegible]

WORK IS TO BE RESUMED ON THE ASHFORD BY-PASS: A bridge on the by-pass road that was completed before work was stopped at the order of the Government in 1948. *On right*—An aerial view of the Willesborough end of the by-pass where it rejoins the main Folkestone road. Near the junction with the main road, one of the bridges that have already been completed may be seen. In many places much preliminary work on the surface of the road was completed before 1948. The completion of the by-pass will bring an end to the traffic hold-ups caused in the main street of Ashford during the holiday seasons and the summer months.

The news that the Ashford by-pass scheme is to be completed under the Government's Five-Year Plan for road improvements throughout the country is welcome news, both to many motorists and to the people of Ashford, who have had to endure endless traffic jams in their main street for many years, because of the pressure of vehicles using the main Folkestone road. Work began on the two-mile road before the start of the war, but ceased soon after 1939, to be resumed shortly after the end of hostilities, until 1948, when restrictions on capital expenditure caused the Government to order that work should cease once again. This action caused much comment among motorists.

The by-pass will stretch from Willesborough to the Maidstone road on the other side of Ashford, and it is expected that its completion will cost over £200,000. Much preliminary work was already completed before 1948. Most of the bridges which were needed to carry the road over streams and railways were built before the start of the war, and in the short time that work had been in progress after the end of the war, a great deal of progress was made in the preparation of the road itself.

THE OPENING OF THE TWENTY-NINTH ANNUAL INTERNATIONAL CHESS CONGRESS AT THE WHITE ROCK PAVILION, HASTINGS : Sir Clarence Sadd, the president of the Sussex Chess Association, is seen making the first move in the game between D. Bronstein, of Russia, and R. G. Wade, of New Zealand. The game ended in a draw. Bronstein is one of the two Russian champions visiting this country for the Congress ; the other is Tolush. They were both accorded a warm welcome from the other chess players.

ST. OSYTH'S PRIORY HAS BEEN SOLD AGAIN : A view of the gatehouse of the Priory, which lies on an estate on the River Colne estuary near Colchester, in Essex. St. Osyth's Priory Estate has been bought by Mr. Somerset de Chair, the former Conservative M.P. for South Paddington. Mr. de Chair, who only recently sold his Cornish home, the Manor of Trerice, near Newquay, to the National Trust, plans to preserve the Priory, and has said that he hopes to work the Priory farm and to convert the gatehouse into a residence. The Priory, which is in excellent architectural condition and which was built in 1475, was bought in 1949 by the Loyal Order of Ancient Shepherds' Friendly Society, and it was planned to convert it into a convalescent home.

HILDR[illegible] LEARN ABOUT THE "ROMANCE OF RADAR" AT THE SIR JOHN C[illegible] COLLEGE, JEWRY STREET, LONDON : Children are seen crowding a[illegible]nd the lecturer, Mr. E. J. Doherty, one of the staff of the college, as he d[illegible]onstrates an oscillograph during the course of his lecture. This was t[illegible] second of a series of talks that are being organised by the London C[illegible]nty Council for schoolchildren. They are mostly of a scientific nature as this subject has been found to have the most appeal to the youngsters. The lectures at the Sir John Cass College represent only part of the many educational talks given for children in London over the Christmas holidays.

THE "ROYAL EAGLE" REFUSES TO LEAVE HER BERTH FOR HER LAST JOURNEY : A tugboat is seen in an attempt to remove the pleasure ship from her berth in Whithall Creek so that she may be towed to the shipbreaker's yard. The steamer was firmly embedded in the mud, and attempts to remove her were unsuccessful. The *Royal Eagle* is the last of the old paddle-driven vessels that plied along the Thames and around the south coast.

R.A.F. TRAINER CRASH-LANDS AT CANVEY, ESSEX : An R.A.F. Anson is seen after it had made an emergency landing on the sands at Canvey, where it narrowly missed hitting the newly-built sea-wall. The aircraft, which was on a training flight from Bassingbourn, Herts, was piloted by Flight Lieut. K. C. Howard, who escaped without injury. Standing by the tail of the aircraft is Police Sergeant T. Howells, who was awarded the M.B.E. for his rescue work at Canvey during the floods in February last year.

SNOW FALLS IN SCOTLAND : Pupils of the Central Council of Physical Recreation are seen making the most of the snow that fell in the Highlands recently. This class is watching an instructress, Miss Raie Morgan (on left), demonstrate the kick-turn. Standing next to her is another instructor, Mr. Stuart Mackay. Towards the end of December, there was much speculation as to whether there would be sufficient snow for ski-ing in Scotland and in the well-known winter-sports resorts on the Continent. Since Christmas, however, both Scotland and the Continent have had falls of snow, and winter-sports enthusiasts are more cheerful.

THE DEATH OF VISCOUNT NORWICH

LADY NORWICH RETURNS TO LONDON WITH THE BODY OF HER HUSBAND, WHO DIED SUDDENLY ON BOARD SHIP NEAR SPAIN

A MOST HAPPY PARTNERSHIP—THE LATE VISCOUNT NORWICH AND LADY NORWICH AT THE WEDDING OF THEIR SON: This picture was taken in August 1952 at the wedding in Guildford of Mr. John Julius Cooper, now the second Viscount Norwich, to Miss Anne Clifford, eldest daughter of the Hon. Sir Bede and Lady Clifford. Lord Norwich, formerly Sir Duff Cooper, died suddenly on board the liner *Colombie*.

LADY NORWICH AT LE BOURGET ON HER WAY HOME: The widow of Viscount Norwich had arrived in Paris in an aircraft which was carrying the body of her husband to England. French political leaders and the Press joined in paying tribute to Lord Norwich, who had always retained a great affection for France.

On New Year's Day the death of Viscount Norwich, formerly Sir Duff Cooper, occurred suddenly on board the French liner *Colombie* when off the coast of Spain. Viscount Norwich, who was sixty-three, was on his way to Jamaica with his wife, where they were to spend a winter holiday. He was at once soldier, statesman and writer. After a distinguished career in the Foreign Office, interrupted by gallant service in the Army in the First World War, he entered politics. He rose to Cabinet rank in pre-war National Governments, but finally, when First Lord of the Admiralty, resigned from the Chamberlain administration after Munich. In the Second World War he was Minister of Information, and then held a number of diplomatic posts, which finally ended in his appointment as Ambassador to France. For France he had always had a special affection, as his literary work, no less than his diplomatic efforts, testify, and when he ceased to be Ambassador in 1947 he made his home there.

As a writer, Duff Cooper had always been held in high esteem, and his biography of Talleyrand is regarded as a masterpiece of its kind. Throughout his working life, the late Viscount Norwich was sustained by his wife, the former Lady Diana Manners; theirs was singularly a romantic and happy marriage.

THE RETURN TO LONDON: Lady Norwich at Croydon on her arrival from Vigo. The funeral of Viscount Norwich was held at Belvoir, seat of the Duke of Rutland.

LADY NORWICH WITH HER SON, THE NEW VISCOUNT: Leaving Croydon Airport, Lady Norwich, with Lady Elizabeth von Hofmannsthal, talks to her son, now the second Viscount Norwich. Like his father, Lord Norwich, who is twenty-four years old, was educated at Eton and New College, Oxford, and is in the Foreign Office.

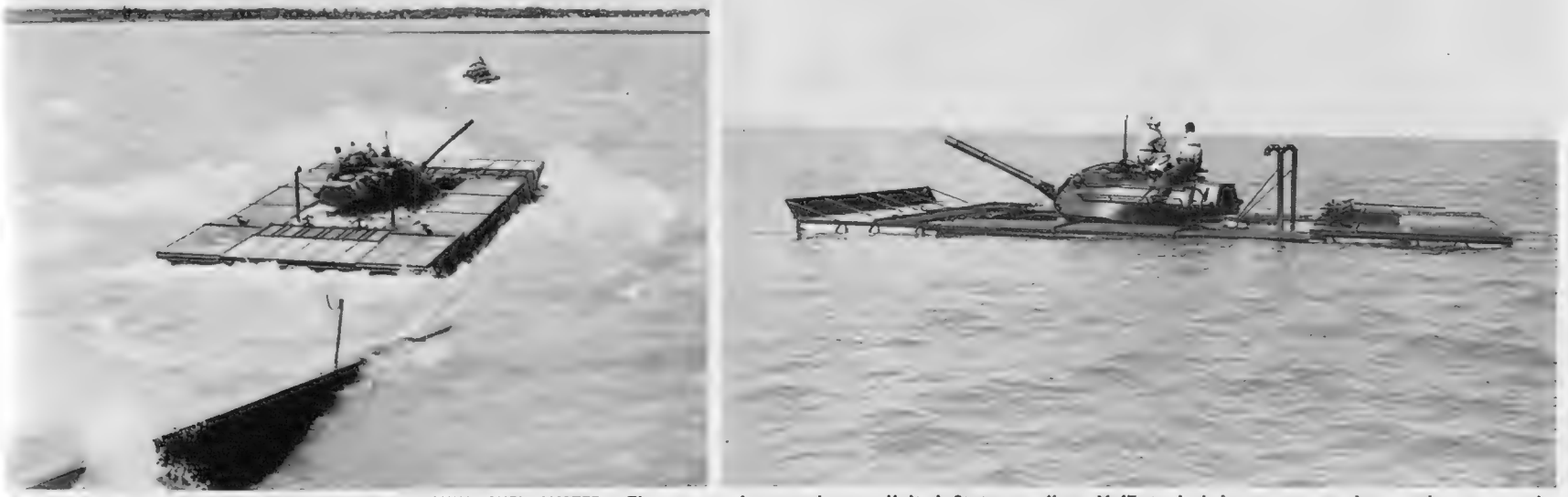
LAND, SEA AND AIR

Recent Developments in Aircraft, and Tank Transporting in the United States.

A CLOSE-UP VIEW OF THE BELL X-1A IN FLIGHT: This is the aircraft that flew at twice the speed of sound on the eve of the fiftieth anniversary of powered flight. *On right*—The rocket-powered Bell aircraft seen hugged to the belly of a Superfortress from where it was launched for a supersonic flight. As the Bell X-1A has only a short duration of flight, this is the usual method of launching. Details of the record-breaking flight appeared in "The Sphere" dated December 26, 1953.

The Bell rocket research monoplane pictured above and on right is a development of the Bell X-1, which was designed jointly by the Bell Aircraft Corporation, the U.S.A.F. and the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, and which first became airborne in 1946 when it was released from a Superfortress bomber. The aircraft was the first to exceed the speed of sound, achieving this in October 1947. Two of the type were built. One has since been retired and is now in the National Air Museum of the Smithsonian Institute, while the other is still flying for research purposes.

The differences between the X-1A and the X-1 are only slight. The cockpit has been modified in the later model, which also has a larger fuel capacity. Both types are powered by four rocket motors, each developing a thrust of 1,500 lb., using liquid oxygen and a mixture of alcohol and water for fuel.



A NEW TYPE OF FLOAT FOR TRANSPORTING TANKS OVER WATER: These two pictures show a United States medium M-47 tank being transported over deep water by the latest floating device. In the picture *on the left*, the tank and raft are seen being launched. The main difference between this device and the rafts used during the war is that the tank is carried in the body of the float, and not directly on the surface of the raft. By this means, the designers hope to overcome the danger of the tank and raft overturning in choppy seas. The floating device is assembled around the tank, thus making the vehicle amphibious.

BRIDGING A GAP FOR TANKS: A United States Army tank is seen crossing a gap by the aid of a mobile bridge, which is towed behind the tank until it is required. On the right of this picture is another type of tank bridge, which has been designed to be carried on the back of a turretless tank. *On right*—A turretless tank seen extending its bridge over a gap, so that other tanks may cross safely. These two pictures were taken at a U.S. Army research station where experiments with the two types of bridges were being made. The two bridges are of the scissors type, and are built of aluminium. They are both operated hydraulically and can support a load of 60 tons. The roadway is 13 ft. 6 ins. in width.

Mr. RUBIROSA WEDS Miss BARBARA HUTTON

Above—PORFIRIO RUBIROSA KISSES THE HAND OF BARBARA HUTTON ATFER THEIR WEDDING IN NEW YORK: *On left*—Mr. Rubirosa signing the marriage contract as his bride looks on. On the right of this picture is Major-General Trujillo, Mr. Rubirosa's brother-in-law by his first wife, who acted as best man. Mr. Rubirosa, a former Dominican Minister in France, and Miss Hutton, the Woolworth heiress, were married at the home of the Dominican Consul, Dr. Joaquin Salazar, who performed the ceremony. Events in the days before the wedding and the actual ceremony itself attracted much attention in the Press throughout the world. Miss Hutton, who was married under the name of B. Troubetskoy, her name under her last marriage to Prince Igor Troubetskoy, wore a large black taffeta hat, matching her dress. It was Miss Hutton's fifth marriage and Mr. Rubirosa's fourth.

THE CHRISTMAS FIRE DISASTER IN KOWLOON

SOME OF THE THOUSANDS OF VICTIMS OF THE FIRE AT KOWLOON, HONG KONG COLONY: The homeless people are seen parading in an open space where they were given food. The fire, which broke out in the resettlement quarter of Kowloon on Christmas night, was described as the worst in the history of the colony. Over 50,000 people were made homeless. Firemen, police and social welfare officers were engaged in fighting the fire throughout the night, and the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, and the Colonial Secretary, Mr. R. B. Black, visited the scene.

THE DEVASTATION CAUSED BY THE FIRE IN KOWLOON: In a speech a few days after the fire had broken out, the Governor-General praised the work that had been carried out, and spoke of the generous fashion in which people had given money to the various relief funds. A fund started by a newspaper exceeded £1,000 within the first three days.

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL ADDRESSES SUDAN'S FIRST ELECTED PARLIAMENT: Sir Robert Howe welcoming the newly-elected members of the Sudanese Parliament at the inauguration ceremony in Khartoum. After an Arabic translation of his speech, the Governor-General asked members of both the House of Representatives and the Senate to elect Speakers, and in each House a National Unionist was chosen. The Governor-General then left Parliament, surrounded by cavalry in white turbans.

SUDAN'S FIRST PARLIAMENT IS OPENED

A NEW MEMBER ARRIVES AT THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES: El-Sayed Mohammed 'Othman Ali el-Mirghani, son of a distinguished Sudanese politician, arriving before the opening of Parliament by the Governor-General in Khartoum. He is seen being greeted by the Serjeant-at-Arms, wearing a smart new uniform with a white stripe down the trousers, and chainmail on the shoulders. The strip of blue carpet in front of the new member is lined by the Palace guards of the Sudan Defence Force, in scarlet uniforms with white fezzes and pompons. Behind the car is the guard of honour of the Sudanese Camel Corps, which was inspected by the Governor-General. The guard of honour wore khaki uniforms and turbans with black ostrich plumes. The inauguration ceremony took place in a temperature of nearly 100 degrees, and from all over the Sudan members of Parliament in European clothes and chieftains in colourful robes were assembled.

A NEW LAUNCHING ON CLYDESIDE

THE "COTOPAXI," A TURBINE CARGO-SHIP, LEAVES THE SHIPYARD AT DUMBARTON: *Above* and *on right*—Launched just before Christmas the S.S. *Cotopaxi* was built by William Denny and Brothers Ltd. for the Pacific Steam Navigation Company. The vessel has a deadweight of 11,100 tons and is 512½ ft. long, with a breadth of 66 ft. The *Cotopaxi's* cruising speed is 16½ knots and it has accommodation midships for twelve passengers. It will be commissioned this spring and will be used to supplement Pacific Steam's fast service to the West Indies and the west coast of South America via the Panama Canal.

AFTER 700 YEARS A BRIDGE FALLS

THE ANCIENT BRIDGE AT MATTERSEY, NEAR RETFORD, COLLAPSES: The bridge at Mattersey, in Nottinghamshire, which had spanned the River Idle for seven centuries, collapsed recently while dredging work was being carried out. The picture shows the broken roadway and arch, and rubble which was half-submerged by the water. The bridge, built on wooden piles by monks, was one of the local showpieces. Not far away is another—the ruins of a Gilbertine priory, much of which dates from the late thirteenth or early fourteenth century.

BIRMINGHAM'S RARE BUY

On right—

A FINE SILVER CUP BY LAMERIE: The Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery wanted to buy this cup for the municipal collection when it was offered at Sotheby's last October, but the Court jewellers, Messrs. Garrard, secured it for a museum in the United States. Later, the Museum's Director took the cup to a special Treasury Committee whose function is to prevent important works of art being taken out of the country. The Committee refused to grant a licence for its export and Birmingham were allowed to buy it for £902. Paul de Lamerie, a Huguenot, served his apprenticeship in London and became probably the most famous silversmith of the eighteenth century. One of his best-known pieces in England is the Newdigate centrepiece in the Victoria and Albert Museum. The Americans yielded the treasure to Birmingham with good grace, though they were sorry to miss a fine example of eighteenth-century English silver.

A HAPPY END TO THE HOUSING YEAR

MR. HAROLD MACMILLAN, MINISTER OF HOUSING AND LOCAL GOVERNMENT, OPENS THE LAST NEW HOUSE OF 1953 ON THE LISMORE ESTATE, BARNET: In their haste to finish the house which Mr. Macmillan described as "about No. 310,000," two workmen painted the wrong street number on the door. *Above*: The Housing Minister borrows a brush to apply the last correcting touch. Later he ushered in the new tenants, a young family which had been waiting four years for a house. For two of those four years they had been living apart for want of suitable accommodation. For their three-bedroomed house they will pay £2 0s. 9d. a week in rent and rates. *On left*—Mr. Macmillan thanked all those who had contributed to a 1953 building programme which, he said, many had once thought impossible. "We know now that we have built more than 300,000 new houses." He added that during 1954 the Government intended to speed up slum clearance and the repair, improvement and conversion of older houses. He called for a new great effort this year.

The Sphere of Travel

HOLIDAYS AFLOAT

Plans and Suggestions for All Kinds of Cruising Holidays

DEEP down in the hearts of many Britons is a love of being on the water. It is a craving with many of us, and it doesn't really matter whether we are aboard the *Queen Elizabeth* or a trawler, a battleship or a canoe.

The great thing is to be afloat. That is why no holiday offers a more complete change than one spent on the water. It gives us a sense of complete freedom, of being in harmony with Nature, and of regaining for a spell the intelligent joys of Eternal Youth. Fortunately, there is now a rich variety of cruising holidays from which to choose, but in view of the ever-increasing demand, it is as well to make one's arrangements in advance. Otherwise you may find that you are too late, or, at best, having to take what 's left.

I 'll start with a mention of the well-known cruises arranged by the P. and O. and the Orient Line. Unfortunately, their programmes are not available at the time of writing, but you will be able to learn about them from your travel agent very shortly after this article appears. I understand, however, that the itineraries planned will follow on the lines of those carried out last summer, but with some additions.

These highly-organised cruises are designed for those persons who like being on a big ship, with all its social amenities. Everything is more or less arranged for you, and all you 've got to do, having decided on the tour which will best suit you, is to pay over a cheque. You will have as companions on board your fellow-countrymen, and should you go ashore at any of the ports-of-call it will probably be in an organised party. This kind of holiday at sea may not be very adventurous, but it is satisfying to large numbers of holiday-makers who are content to be at sea in a conventional manner.

At the other extreme are the much more economical water-holidays for those who are perfectly happy to "mess about" with boats. If you like home-waters, then the Norfolk Broads spring first to mind. This is, indeed, a unique holiday. Completely English, yet smacking of Holland. Never far away from land, yet genuinely "at sea." There is a wide range of boats from which to choose, with or without expert attendants. They are fully equipped, so that your only concern is food and drink.

All over the area of the Broads you will find quaint inns, ancient villages, fine architecture, as well as being on a mobile home for fishing, swimming and sailing. I must mention, too, the sailing regattas held on the Broads during the summer months. You may not want to enter, but watching as a spectator will give you tips on sailing your own craft—which is not at all so difficult as you may imagine. The firm to contact in connection with the hire of boats of all kinds in English inland waters is Blakes, Ltd. (23–28, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4).

Perhaps, however, you may wish to venture forth on your own in foreign inland waters. In this case, I think first of the fine opportunities offering for sailing on your own boat in Holland, particularly on the lakes of Friesland and along the canals, and on the Limfjord, in Denmark. World Holidays Afloat (86, Strand, London, W.C.2) is a firm I can recommend for helping you to get fixed up in this connection. I should mention, too, that Lake Constance, on its German shore, and Lake Thun, in Switzerland, also offer splendid facilities for sailing. And at Hilterfingen, on Lake Thun, there is, I believe, the only inland-water sailing school in Europe.

Grey hairs should not deter the person who fancies a canoe-camping holiday. Only recently, I looked out from my room in a hotel in Cochem, on the Moselle, and envied the near-by campers on the river bank who were having the holidays of their lives in this most delightful of German river districts. Now that the pre-war steamer service is no longer operating between Trier and Coblenz, it is only the canoeist who can dawdle slowly along, stopping at will in the various wine villages in order to sample their vintages, made doubly pleasing by the jolly sociability of the inhabitants. Incidentally, two-seater canoes (completely equipped) can be hired from Sporthaus, W. Bange, Trier.

Another splendid and easy canoeing trip in the Silkeborg Lake district of Denmark can take you a distance of 100 miles. The Tourist Office in Silkeborg issues a useful map of this river-lake route, and arrangements for canoe hire can be made with M. Christensen, Aahavevej 111, Silkeborg. You can arrange to collect your canoe at a starting-point and then rail it back from your journey's end.

A MOTOR CRUISER ON THE NORFOLK BROADS IN SUMMER SUNSHINE: The boat is at Wroxham, the "Queen of the Broads," which is a mile long and a mile-and-a-quarter wide. Here the waterway is deep enough for the hundreds of Broadland craft which gather during the busier summer months to race in several regattas.

The increase of the basic allowance for Scandinavian countries to £250 per person should mean that sterling fare-paying passengers will resume first-class cruising to the North Cape, the Norwegian fjords and the Northern capitals. The Clipper Line is operating five cruises to Scandinavian waters this summer by M.S. *Stella Polaris*, a truly luxurious ship. There will be two cruises to the North Cape in June and one in July. She will make one cruise to the Norwegian fjords and Northern capitals in July and another in August. Fares for the former range from £130 to £395 and for the latter from £105 to £375. Your travel agent can supply particulars.

I always think that for the inquiring traveller there are certain voyages which should be made at least once in a lifetime. One of these is a cruise in one of the Express steamers along the 1,000 miles of Norway's western coast. Several new ships offer a unique opportunity of seeing the romantic North, the Land of the Midnight Sun. The round trip from Bergen to Kirkenes beyond the North Cape and back to Bergen takes twelve days. You will visit Trondheim and Hammerfest, most northerly town in the world. You will see, too, the amazing beauty of the Lofoten Islands and obtain glimpses of the Lapps and their reindeer. For most of the time the summer night will be lit for you by a sun which never sets. The inclusive fare is £79. It is also possible to make a one-way journey by sea, returning by air or express bus from Kirkenes, and both these alternative means of transportation offer a quite different scene.

For those who like northerly climes and also wish to get off the beaten track, there are the nine-day sea tours from and to Glasgow and Reykjavik by new Icelandic steamers, accommodating first-class passengers from early June until the end of August. This voyage allows for four days to be spent in port, using the ship as an hotel, and there are some interesting excursions which can be made. Iceland, by the way, is within the sterling area so that no deductions are made from your currency allowance. There is an Iceland Tourist Office in London (6B, Prince's Arcade, Piccadilly, W.1) from whom further particulars can be obtained, although passages should be booked through a travel agent.

Another exhilarating sea-holiday, nearer home, is one that takes you from Leith via Aberdeen and Kirkwall to the Shetlands, where a stay of one week can be arranged in a comfortable hotel at Hillswick. Here there are exceptional opportunities for the study of wild-bird life, rock-climbing, tennis, golf, walking and sailing. The all-in cost, including the accommodation in the hotel, from Leith back to Leith, is only £26 10s., which is a travel bargain at the present time.

A most leisurely water-holiday is one that takes you along the historic rivers and canals of Holland, the Rhineland, and the Upper Seine, in France. Yacht Holidays, Ltd. (85, Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1), again offer a most attractive selection of tours on their comfortable "yachting homes." As many of those who have cruised with this firm come back two, three, four and five times, it is a clear sign of satisfaction. I can also add my own personal recommendation concerning these relaxing holidays.

It is, of course, quite impossible to tell here of all the tours that can be made at sea by passenger and cargo boats. I suggest, therefore, that you get hold of copies of the brochures issued by firms specialising in sea travel, such as Cook's, Informal Travel (45, Queensway, London, W.2) and Bowerman Bros. (28, Ely Place, London, E.C.1). I should, however, like to call attention to certain recommended cruises. These are the six- and thirteen-day cruises run by Coast Lines to the Scottish Lochs and around the coast of Scotland; the sailings each week between London and Liverpool, calling at certain ports en route; the weekly sailings by German freighters to Portuguese and Spanish ports; and the tours by new French motor freighters to Algerian ports which I would especially recommend for their splendid cuisine and most reasonable costs.

Finally, my own choice this spring is a visit to the Ionian, Cyclades, Ægean and Crete islands. This can be effected by new Greek vessels sailing weekly from and to Venice. Calls are made at Corfu, Ithaca, Samy, Patras, Corinth Canal and Piræus. Thence to Patmos, Leros, Cos, Symi, Rhodes, Chios, Mytilene, Istanbul, returning by way of Crete, with calls at Suda Bay and Reythymnon — nineteen days of romantic delight. The full cost, from London back to London, is £158, while second-class throughout is £115. No "V" form is required.

FOOTNOTE.—For those with only a week to spare, I suggest a trip on one of the luxury liners of the United States Lines between Southampton and Bremen. There are sailings every Tuesday, a day (or longer) can be spent in Bremen, and you are home again on the Sunday. First-class return fares are £37; cabin-class, £26; and tourist-class, £20.

Gordon Cooper

A DUTCH CANAL WHICH IS A POPULAR CRUISING GROUND FOR BRITISH TRIPPERS: One of the canals of Haarlem, with its famous church tower rising in the background. This tower, which is over 250 ft. high, is an outstanding feature of Haarlem's fifteenth-century Groote Kirk. Dutch and Scandinavian waterways provide good cruising.

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WORKERS IN THE TEAM

Number 5 in a series

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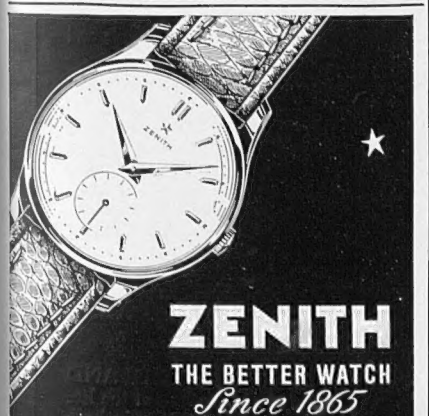

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The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

"The GENTLE ART of MAKING ENEMIES"

A Reprint of Whistler's Entertaining Composition

WHISTLER was an artist in every thought and action; in painting, in the composition of a letter or a printed page, and in the conduct of a quarrel. To the latter activity, in fact, he brought some of his most energetic force, and THE GENTLE ART OF MAKING ENEMIES (Heinemann. 21s.) is the highly literate proof. This book, which was first published in 1890, and over which publisher and artist–book-designer pored literally page by page, deciding on the margins, the type, the paper itself, and the placing of each butterfly signature, is reproduced in exact facsimile, and is a lovely book in appearance; an entertaining one in content.

The plan on which the material for the book was compiled was a simple but effective one. Whistler would collect and reprint criticisms, newspaper articles, letters, attacks, and answer each on these pages. The first category might come from journalists, critics, or friends, such as Oscar Wilde; his own retorts would all be signed with his own exquisite little drawing of a butterfly with a forked tail, each one different and each one expressing for him the mood of the letter above it. Some of the disputes here are dangerously near to squabbles rather than quarrels, and it is the mootest of points whether Wilde or Whistler is left with the top score in their particular engagement, but the book is a delight to re-read, and a window on Whistler's London and Paris and Venice, for his combativeness was quite international.

At ninety years of age, and still writing, Mr. Eden Phillpotts nobly deserves the assessment and tribute that has been edited by Mr. Waveney Girvan and consists of contributions from some of his many friends, each on a different aspect of the writer's career. Thus, Mr. L. A. G. Strong writes of the Dartmoor novels, by which Phillpotts is perhaps best known; Mr. J. C. Trewin, the eminent dramatic critic, of his plays, including the famous *Farmer's Wife* and *Yellow Sands*; Mr. Reginald Pound discusses the friendship and the successful working partnership between Arnold Bennett and Eden Phillpotts; and the Rt. Hon. Isaac Foot pays him a Westcountryman's tribute. Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Miss Nancy Price speak for the stage; and Mr. E. V. Knox and Mr. John Rowland write, respectively, on *The Human Boy* series (my own favourites), and on Phillpotts' highly characteristic detective stories.

The sum of the writer's work and its amazing variety as well as its quality will always be the best indication of this writer's stature, but in the meantime, EDEN PHILLPOTTS (Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.) is both a graceful and an affectionate gesture.

THE ONSLOW FAMILY (Chapman and Hall. 21s.) covers lightly, urbanely and with considerable wit, since the study of their lives and times has been written by Mr. C. E. Vulliamy, the period from 1528 to 1874, although there is a brief excursion into the fortunes of later Onslows and some account of them up to the present day. In the eighteenth century, with which Mr. Vulliamy is principally concerned here, they were, more than legislators or administrators or courtiers ("trimmer" is one of the author's words for that status), best known as country gentlemen on an especially magnificent scale—the rulers of Surrey, which was, and is, the site of their great house, Clandon.

There are plenty of good things, besides the pictures of Whiggery and Court intrigues, to be found in this volume, and much finely quoted invective, all the way up and down the scale from "a paltry malignant insect" as applied to one Colonel Onslow, to the rhetoric of Junius that helped to sweep Grafton out of office, and could thunder out the question: "With what force, my lord, with what protection are you prepared to meet the united detestation of the people of England?" That, in practical effect, seems to have been the stuff to give 'em, and one must be grateful to Mr. Vulliamy for giving us such powerful examples as are scattered through these pages.

There is some discussion of the eighteenth century in Miss Pearl Binder's book, MUFFS AND MORALS (Harrap. 15s.), too, but here it refers mainly to habits of dress and fashion. Such a book by its nature must be discursive and here Miss Binder lets herself go and, I would say, has a really enjoyable time with chapters on corsets and fans and medieval sumptuary laws and paste jewellery and wickerwork tiaras. The list could stretch on amusingly, and almost endlessly, and if the cumulative result is slightly overwhelming it is also brilliantly informed, provocative in some instances and thoroughly diverting.

CHOIRBOYS TAKE PART IN A LAUNCHING CEREMONY: Choristers from Holy Trinity Church, Southwick, seen standing behind Mrs. Sylvia J. Westoll during the launching of H.M. Coastal Minesweeper No. 53 *Kedleston* at the Sunderland shipyard of William Pickersgill and Sons, Ltd. The choirboys led the singing during the short service prior to the naming.

KOREA—LAND OF THE MORNING CALM (Harrap. 15s.) shows us, beyond the minor fact that a week's reading may be fantastically various, just what methods are being used now in the United Nations' efforts to combat poverty, hunger and disease in that war-torn country. The author, Colonel Portway, who is Master of St. Catharine's College, Cambridge, was the only British member of the U.N. Educational Planning Mission to Korea in 1952 and 1953, and travelled widely through the country so that he could get some kind of comprehensive idea of the situation. Here he gives a brief survey of Korean history, its literature, customs and religions, before turning to look at the enormous contemporary problems. A useful book, and inspired with sympathy for the people whose land has been a battlefield for more than three years.

Mr. James A. Michener, who wrote the *Tales of the South Pacific*, from which came the inspiration of that musical play, has written a short, terse, dramatic and emotional story of war in Korea, as seen from the cockpit of a jet aircraft catapulted from the deck of a carrier. No one but an American could have written THE BRIDGES AT TOKO-RI (Secker and Warburg. 7s. 6d.) with that particular blend of histrionics that stops only a millimetre this side of melodrama, and it is none the less true and effective for that.

WINGS OFF THE SEA (Constable. 11s. 6d.) is exactly comparable in setting, since this, too, is a story of the Korean war told in terms of aircraft and carriers, but Mr. J. E. Macdonnell is writing of the Royal Australian Navy and, although the combat scenes are as fierce, and the facts of the war as heavy and brutal, the note of hysterical urgency is missing, and instead one reads more closely into the lives of the pilots, and almost as dramatically of the tensions of such a life of extreme dangers and hardship.

The next two novels deal with young men who are both labelled as idealists, and who translate their dreams into terms of action. First, Mr. Ivor Herbert's EASTERN WINDOWS (Methuen. 12s. 6d.), in which an officer in our Military Government in Occupied Germany, two years after the war, hears of an underground movement against Communism, and rushes headlong into its service, falling in love at the same time with one of its more attractive members. It could be argued that he gets an equally poor deal from each, but as it happens, the main interest of Mr. Herbert's book lies not so much in its spiritual and emotional levels, as in the minutiæ of the fellow-officers' lives, lodgings and foibles, all admirably drawn.

YOUR BROTHER STILL (Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6d.) is a story of dockyard sabotage in England, conducted by a saboteur who has an obsession about wars and their causes, and is not to be deterred by the small fact that his brother is a responsible naval officer at the same place. This aspect of the story is both well imagined and well told, but Mr. Ronald Marsh's book was spoilt for me by the unnecessarily sordid and dreary affairs conducted by each of the brothers.

Mr. Russell Warren Howe's BEHOLD, THE CITY (Secker and Warburg. 10s. 6d.) may have faint affinities with an early Graham Greene, but it is well worthy of being judged on its own showing, which is up to a more than adequate standard. The city in question is Trieste, and again you have the mixture of nations, and the preoccupations of Allied Military Government. The chief character is a little Englishman who has drifted from faraway suburbia into a frightened life of crime, and who smuggles heroin across the border. Readable, and something else besides; this novel has the imprint of a writer who can convey an atmosphere, whether it is geographical or sensory.

By way of contrast, Mr. Winston Clewes, in his new novel, THE MERRY MONTH (Collins. 10s. 6d.), plunges into action with many of the ingredients of the old-fashioned romance of action, ruined castles on remote coastlines, secret passages, strangers who arrive mysteriously by sea and—you 've guessed it—buried treasure. There was a bad moment when I feared that the aforesaid treasure was going to be nothing more magical than an early crop of potatoes, but the author is too kindly for that and comes across with the traditional iron-bound chest.

This week's brief but precious list of detective stories consists of a new Patricia Wentworth and a new Carter Dickson. Miss Wentworth has weighed in with a further exploit of the excellent Miss Silver, as prim and perspicacious as ever, in the ingenious story, ANNA, WHERE ARE YOU? (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.); and Mr. Dickson, with THE CAVALIER'S CUP (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.). This is a really brilliant variation of the Closed Room Mystery genus, and I found it absorbing. Both these are highly recommended to soothe frayed New Year nerves and take the reader's thoughts off –nc–m– t–x d–m–nds.

The FRONTIERS of SCIENCE

A Satellite Moon, a World of Speculation

Quite the most exciting book of its kind to emerge in recent months is Waldemar Kaempffert's EXPLORATIONS IN SCIENCE (Victor Gollancz. 12s. 6d.). The author is Science Editor of the *New York Times*, and bridging with practised skill the gap between specialised scientific jargon and the needs of the layman reader, he brings before us some of the great problems of the age. His first contribution deals with building an artificial satellite in space—a moon of our very own to play with. This residential satellite, rocket moon or space station, big enough to accommodate a score or more of scientific observers, will be assembled in outer space after the various components have been rocketed upwards by three or four stage rockets. Among other things, the space station would provide an ideal platform for a giant telescope which, free of the earth's atmosphere, could be used for studying the planets and the remote galaxies of which we still know little or nothing.

There is another dramatic chapter on "The Cyclopean Eye of Palomar," an account of the 200-in. Hale telescope which now searches the night sky from a mountain-top in California, doubling the radius of the observable region of the universe, bringing eight times as many nebulæ into photographic view as the 100-in. telescope at Mount Wilson now brings, and plumbing space for a distance of 1,000,000,000 light-years. What will be the message of the spectra which will be read with the aid of Palomar's 200-in. mirror? Will we have proof that the universe is closed, curved and expanding? How near are we to the last frontiers, to a knowledge of the size of the universe, how and when it began, how and when it will end? On all these things Mr. Kaempffert speculates with fascinating lucidity, and with the same clarity of mind he probes towards other frontiers, such as the mystery zone of supersonic speed, atomic power and power from the sun, and the enigma of cancer.

George Goldsmith Carter, whose trip on an Arctic trawler in a spell of bitter winter weather led to that fine book, *Red Charger*, has now drawn upon his experiences when serving for two-and-a-half years in the North Goodwin Lightship to write an account of THE GOODWIN SANDS (Constable. 12s. 6d.). The Goodwins have been the terror of shipping down the ages, and it is a remarkable fact that in these days when they are as safe as the Corporation of Trinity House and the Royal National Lifeboat Institution can make them, in these days when radar has brought a new safety to the sea, that the ships still pile up on the dreaded sands at the height of the winter storms. Mr. Carter's short volume shows the stranglehold of the Goodwins throughout the ages, and the eeriness of this place where ships have died amid a welter of toppling masts and rending timbers. Mr. Carter himself clearly believes that the Goodwins are haunted, and his story of the wreck of the *Lady Luvibund* and the events that have followed regularly each fifty years since that fatal night of February 13, 1748, provide a fitting end to a very remarkable book.

Sir Ronald Fraser's survey of LATIN AMERICA (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.) is based on long personal observation, for this former high official of the Board of Trade has been concerned in many of the important trade and financial agreements Britain had made with Latin American countries, and when he retired from the post of Commercial Minister in Paris he had a new opportunity of travelling the length and breadth of South America. Sir Ronald is much concerned about the political and democratic structure of life in Latin America, where, although he observes the well-developed strain that inclines her politicians to draft constitutions upon generous lines, he observes, too, the dire poverty and the subservience of vast sections of the population. In Chile and Uruguay the fire of freedom burns fiercely, he says, but everywhere the need is for medicine, education and enlightenment.

As an historian of crime, Leonard Gribble has written widely and factually, and in his latest book, FAMOUS MANHUNTS (John Long. 15s.), he ranges from manhunts by the Mounties amid the snows of Yukon to chases through the Paris underworld and the suburbs of London. In this record of a century of crime-hunting, Mr. Gribble concludes with the Haigh case, and the last of the acid-bath murders. The thread that runs through the narrative is that although detective procedure may have changed markedly in the past 100 years, the basic genius and attention to detail of the plain-clothes man is the one continuing factor.

Under the title of ENGLAND YOUR ENGLAND (Secker and Warburg. 12s. 6d.), some of the best of the late George Orwell's essays are now published together in book form. The great majority of the essays have only previously appeared in magazines with small circulations.

THE HAPPIEST DAYS OF MY LIFE (Max Parrish. 12s. 6d.) is a charming piece of autobiography by S. P. B. Mais, who chronicles "superb moments, hours and days" in his very full career. His fondest memories are of Italy in winter, sunlit days spent amid the snows of Cortina, and in his well-beloved Venice.

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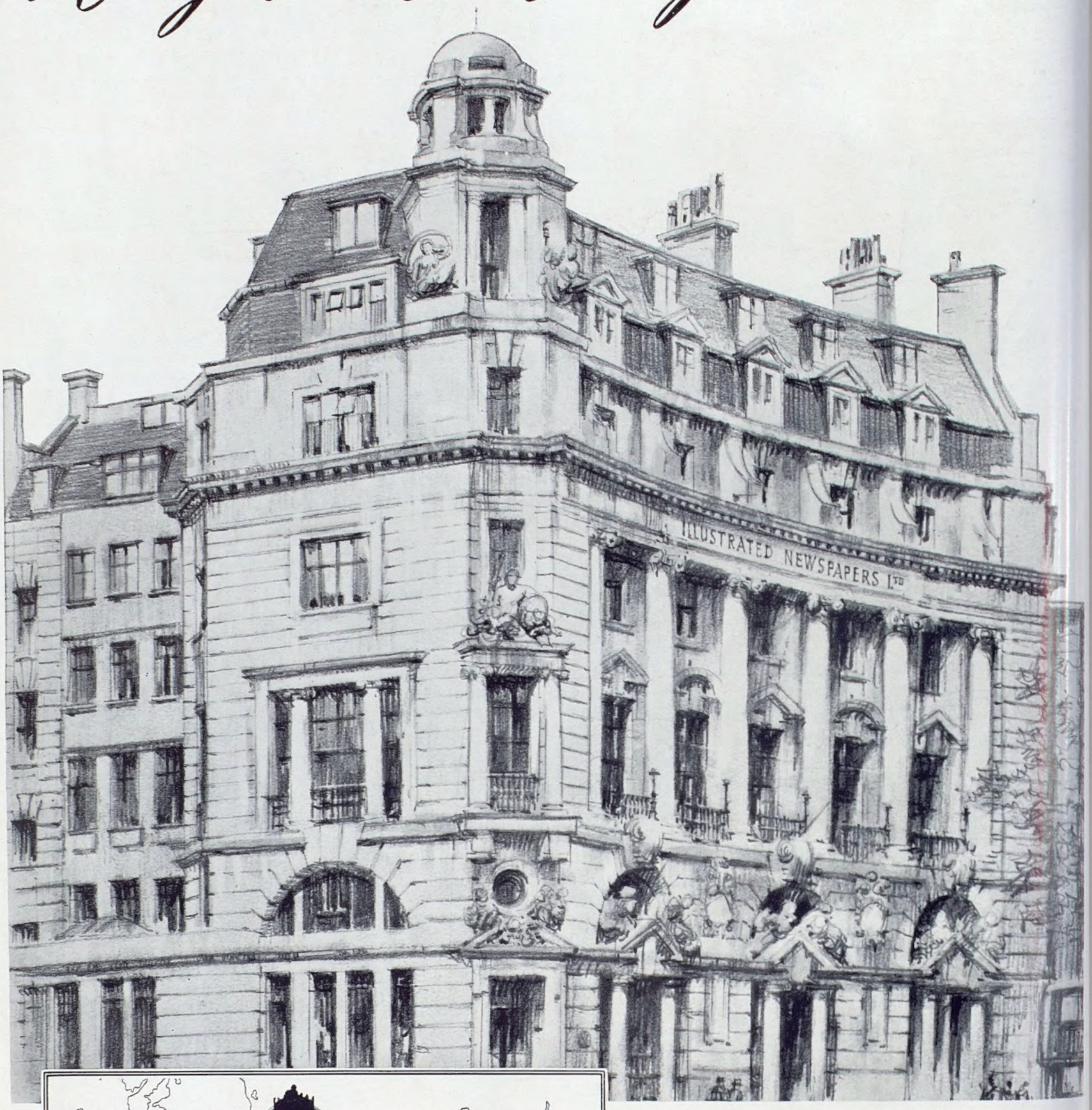

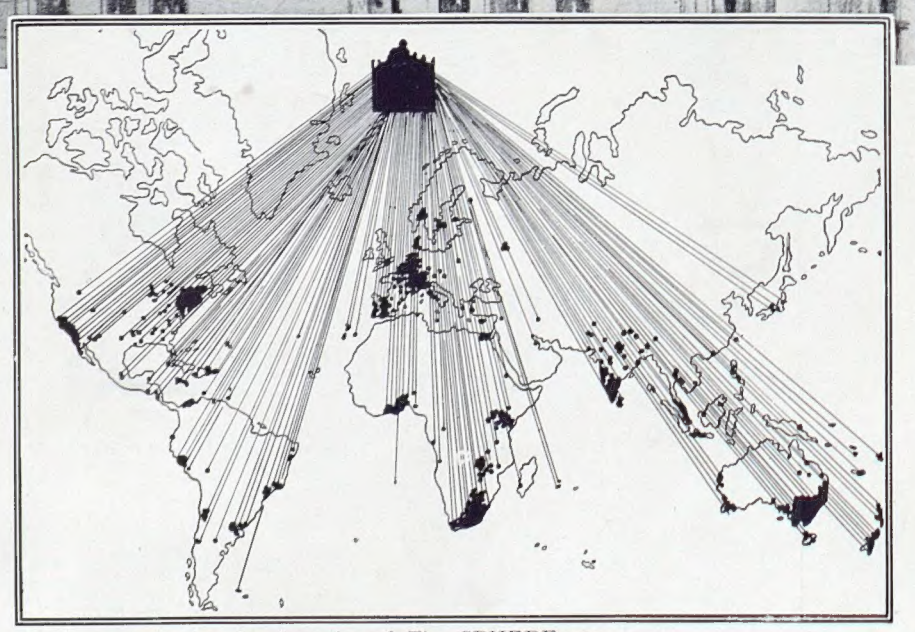

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